New Statesman

The Week-end Review

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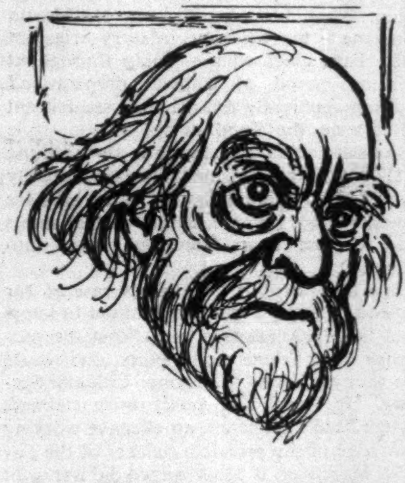

AUGUSTUS JOHN
by Andrew Forge

★

Reports from Paris
Damascus, Lusaka
Laos and Holy Loch

★

KINGSLEY MARTIN
American Diary

★

DAN JACOBSON
on Frieda Lawrence

★

C. H. Rolph on Hanging

★

FALL-OUT
The Illusion of
Civil Defence
A 4-page feature

Lord Home's Pocket Suez

Few incidents in recent years have placed Britain in a more disreputable light than the savage story of Katanga. At the time of Suez, the government could at least claim that its motives, however ill-judged, were political. In Katanga they have been blatantly and sordidly commercial. Many of Tshombe's most clamorous supporters in this country have direct financial interests in the £145 million Union Minière company. In order to protect them, they have ruthlessly and successfully persuaded the government to lend devious support to the Tshombe regime. In consequence, a distinguished UN Secretary-General met his death, scores of UN officials and troops have been killed and unknown thousands of Africans butchered. The profits of Katanga have been literally bought by the blood of innocent men.

The irony of this tragic episode is that the Katanga Lobby, as a direct consequence of its actions, stands to lose everything. If it had assisted the formation of a strong central government in the Congo, there is no reason to suppose that the European-owned mines would have been molested; now their confiscation – and the expulsion of all European influence – seems certain. The attempt to create a separate state never stood a chance. Tshombe and his ministers were at the outset merely the puppets of the Belgians. They ultimately became, as this week's events show, the powerless instruments of their European mercenaries. Katanga 'stability' was never more than a public-relations myth. Now even this has collapsed in a welter of bloodshed, and the British government is reluctantly accepting that there is no alternative to the UN – except chaos.

All this confirms the accuracy of Dr O'Brien's diagnosis. From the initial mutiny of the Force Publique, it was apparent that, in order to recreate a viable Congolese state, the UN would have to assume the physical responsibility for law and order. This view was endorsed by repeated resolutions of the Security Council, in which Britain concurred. Dr O'Brien's action in September was in direct pursuit of these instructions. After exhaustive attempts to secure Tshombe's compliance by negotiation, he was given authority to use force. His mistake was to underestimate the degree of force the operation would require – and the extent to which the British and French governments were determined to sabotage it. Now the requisite force has been made available and the British and French have conceded the futility of further obstruction. The Congo crisis is thus, at long last, on the verge of solution.

The British government must now assess the extent of the damage it has caused. Priceless (and, for once, fully substantiated) propaganda has been handed to the Soviet Union. The suspicion in Washington that, in colonial matters, Britain's good faith is worthless has been abundantly reinforced. In the eyes of the Afro-Asian states, Britain has been detected in an unsuccessful exploit in political arson. What is worse, Dr O'Brien indicates that the Katanga episode is merely one outstanding example of the manner in which, for a long period, Britain has subverted UN resolutions which it lacked the public courage to veto. It thus stands accused as a hidden opponent of collective security and world order.

The government should now make haste to identify itself fully (as Mr Kennedy, to his credit, has done throughout) with the UN operation. It can do this in a practical way by the immediate provision of supplies and airlift capacity to the UN forces. But more is required if the world is to accept as genuine Britain's belated penitence. Certain Foreign Service officials, personally identified with obstruction, should be removed. Above all, a personal gesture is required from Lord Home, the chief architect of the sabotage policy. Obviously, we have the right to demand his resignation. Equally obviously, we shall not get it: the departure of the guilty plays no part in the ethical scheme of Mr Macmillan's government.

SPOTLIGHT ON POLITICS

The Irish Question

ANTHONY HOWARD

Aggravation with Mr Butler, irritation with Mr Redmayne (the government chief whip) some measure of sympathy with the currently luckless new Leader of the House, Mr Macleod – that is how the reputations within the Conservative Party stand this week. And since he is the most seriously injured of the casualties it is perhaps to Mr Butler that one should turn first. In none of his recent parliamentary performances has the Home Secretary managed exactly to improve the shining hour; yet he can never have quite so effectively succeeded in tarnishing an occasion as he did last Tuesday. There are some things that Mr Butler's best friends ought now to be telling him – and one hopes, on balance, that they are. For, if only at flickering moments, the Viscountcy of Saffron Walden has not this week looked all that far away; and on present form it is the Home Secretary himself who is doing the most to prove his enemies' claim that he is the most easily expendable member of the government.

'Give him a cheer,' the Opposition benches shouted derisively as Mr Butler, stripped of offices and laden only with burdens, got to his feet last Tuesday afternoon to begin piloting the government's Commonwealth Immigration Bill through a shoal-ridden committee stage. The Conservative benches did nothing to oblige – and five minutes later they could hardly have been blamed if they were congratulating themselves on their foresight. For as each piece of ineptitude was succeeded by a fresh example of evasion it became clear that on this issue at least the Home Secretary was beyond rescue. 'The nobility of character of Sir Grantley Adams' (not to mention 'his general bearing'), the piously expressed belief that there were other 'decent people overseas', the resigned recognition that relations with Ireland have always been vague 'and it is perhaps better that they should be left so' – it was the reduction to the final absurdity of what has always been one aspect of Mr Butler's reputation.

At least, though, the line of defence is now clear. Mr Butler's heart, we are assured, is not in this type of work: he winces as much as the next man when a Tory back-bencher like Mr Ronald Bell combines a farrago of incoherent nonsense about illegitimacy rates with some personal reflections about 'the cultural levels of tropical peoples' (raising in the process some fascinating questions as to the cultural level of certain segments of the Conservative Party). And yet, even if one accepts that there is some gulf fixed between the position of the Home Secretary and that of his party's racist agitators, his share of political responsibility at least is clear. There are by now so many causes that Mr Butler has advocated with a heavy heart that it is only natural that rather more attention should nowadays be paid to the clumsiness of his foot-work than to the sombreness of his mood.

And it is on this – the complete loss of all his former dexterity – that criticism of the Home Secretary has mainly gathered. Some of his colleagues in the government have lately not been above hinting that 'if only Rab had kept his mouth shut a bit more' a large part of the present trouble might have been avoided. And certainly when even such loyal party wheel-horses as Sir Douglas Glover (last October's chairman of the Conservative Party conference) start making week-end speeches in which they announce that it 'really would be funny' if 'our Commonwealth colleagues are to be put into an inferior position compared with those of non-Commonwealth origin', there must have been a degree of provocation that it was impossible to neglect.

But 'funny' or not, that is the situation that the Conservative Party is now being asked to swallow – and because of Mr Butler's original brazen statements, to swallow very publicly indeed. When, at the Conservative Party conference two months ago, Mr Butler announced that Ireland was 'a matter which very much complicates this issue', he was – whether he knew it or not – saying something painfully prophetic. For it is as well to face the fact that the battle over immigration is no longer – at least within the Conservative Party – about the Commonwealth: it is about Ireland. Which, in its own modest way, provides its own commentary on the extraordinarily incompetent way in which the whole matter has been handled.

What appears to have happened is that the government was entirely taken by surprise by the wave of criticism that it ran into immediately after Mr Butler blurted out to the Tory Home Affairs Committee that Southern Ireland would have, in practice if not in theory, to be excluded from the working of the bill. At least one Cabinet Minister has his own touching explanation for this strange lapse of insight. The picture is affectingly painted of the whole Cabinet having wrestled for months with all the problems and snags of immigration control (according to this version the government has known for some considerable period that the nettle would have to be grasped – and the argument has only been as to when and how it should steel itself to do it). Through all these deliberations, or so goes the explanation, Ministers gradually became almost at home with all the points of difficulty, so much so that every single solution came to be looked at in a purely pragmatic light. And the unfortunate penny that never dropped was that the average back-bencher, unaccustomed to pondering on these issues, would necessarily see things very differently: that his reaction would be emotional rather than intellectual.

As a tale it is almost pathetic enough to be convincing. And yet it does raise some strange queries. What, for example, was Mr Martin Redmayne – the war-time infantry brigadier turned Tory chief whip – doing throughout this long period of Cabinet preparation? Squatting agonisedly down beside recalcitrant members on the flood of the House while divisions are actually going on is no substitute for staff work beforehand. Nor is the dignity of an administration enhanced when MPs are clasped warmly by the elbow and attempts made to steer them from one lobby into another.

Then also there is the curious case of Mr Macleod. If anyone was in a position to know about the likely reaction of at least the progressive outer fringe of the party, one would have thought it was the former Colonial Secretary. He could also surely have claimed, through hard experience, an effective working knowledge of the probable reflexes of the Far Right. Moreover, if Mr Macleod did not want to find out, then Mr Nigel Fisher (about the only person to emerge from the whole muddle with any consistent credit) must, one suspects, have told him about it: it is an odd irony of the present situation that the government's most formidable opponent on this issue is one of the Leader of the House's closest friends.

There does not, however, appear to have been any early warning system at all – and when the explosion came the government at first appeared ready to dive for shelter. In the end, of course, sterner counsels prevailed, and Mr John Hare – who seemed three weeks ago to be offering a concession on the Irish issue – was tactfully nowhere to be seen during Mr Butler's speech this week. The government has plainly decided to ride out the storm, no doubt comforted by the knowledge that there is a certain pattern of attrition about Tory Revolts – which end with three or four brave souls gazing at each other in lonely perplexity.

* * *

The Labour Party's approach march to the next election begins to look something like Napoleon's retreat from Moscow. With Mr Hilary Marquand's departure for Geneva and Mr George Chetwynd's appointment to the North East Development Council – not to mention the latest rumours about Mr Fred Lee (the principal sufferer in the Shadow Cabinet re-shuffle) – some Labour MPs have started to regard each other with rueful suspicion. The next man to abandon the column is unlikely to receive even a formal benediction.

All of which, however, is a little hard to understand. One day it may perhaps dawn on Transport House that the best chance of a Labour victory in the next election lies in the party acquiring a decisive new look. And to that end there are still some personal sacrifices that might well be made for the cause.

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The Unilateralist Dilemma

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Lesbianism and Literature

V. S. PRITCHETT

Comments on the Week's News

The ETU

Exit Haxell

As this journal forecast last week, Mr Frank Haxell's 'resignation' has been accepted by the Communist Party. Nothing was said about the future of the other ETU leaders involved in the court case, presumably because they are still appealing against Mr Justice Wynn's verdict. But since Mr Haxell has now been made the scapegoat – 'the leading official . . . must accept responsibility for a situation which has brought discredit on the union and its executive' – it seems unlikely that the CP will ever deal formally with them. It has, in effect, expelled Mr Haxell, but permitted him nominally to resign because 'of his splendid past services'.

The statement reporting this decision was evasive, inaccurate and verbose; it endeavoured to prove that the Communists in the ETU were true industrial militants persecuted by right-wing anti-Communists, and that the rigged election for the post of general secretary was the only occasion on which fraud had been used. It even included the ludicrous assertion that all the factors in this election 'were not known at the time, even to the executive' – a comment designed to support the theory that the extent of the fraud became known to the other Communists on the executive only when they began to prepare their defence for the court case.

All this was to be expected, but that is no reason why it should pass unchallenged. The fact is that allegations of fraud were made as far back as 1956, and repeated in several subsequent ETU elections. (It is probable, indeed, that Mr John Byrne actually defeated Mr Haxell on the previous occasion that he ran against him.) The Communist leadership of the ETU was aware of these charges; it did its best to prevent the minority on the executive from raising them; and it took disciplinary action against other critics who sought to ventilate these issues in the union branches.

These allegations, moreover, were not manufactured by the 'capitalist press'. They were made, from the outset, in this journal, and documented in as much detail as possible. They brought only hot denials from Mr Foulkes, Mr Hendy and others. They were made because it had become clear that the fraudulent practices in the ETU would damage both that union and the trade union movement as a whole: left unchecked, they were bound to lead to the kind of scandal which has since happened.

Nor can the critics of the Haxell-Foulkes leadership be written off as 'renegades from the Communist Party'. Two or three of them were, and without their detailed knowledge of the way in which the Communist apparatus worked it would certainly have been impossible to uncover the fraud or bring the matter to a successful issue in court. But they were supported by men whose record of union militancy is at least as good as that of some of the Communist officials, who skilfully used their control of the union machine to develop a cult of personality for their leaders.

These critics, many of whom are active members of the Labour Party, acted with reluctance: they had no desire to start a witch-hunt in their own union; they were aware that other groups besides the Communists engage in dubious and undemocratic tactics in the unions; and they had no desire to give comfort to the 'capitalist press'. But their task was made more difficult because they had to fight both the active intrigue of the Communists and the apathy of many people on the Left who felt no good could come of stirring up the mud in the ETU. Those who deliberately ignored what was happening were, as we wrote some months ago, 'Mr Haxell's silent accomplices'.

Damascus

Situation Normal

Our Middle East Correspondent writes: If the Syrians really desire to restore the situation as it was before the union with Egypt they are being remarkably successful. Last weekend's election has produced results uncannily similar to those of the last free parliamentary elections of 1954. Though the ban on party activities was successfully maintained during the election campaign, almost all the candidates' affiliations are known and the pattern likely to emerge in the new Chamber is predictable.

As in 1954, the left-wing parties and their allies will have about ten per cent of the seats, the National and People's parties – both survivors from early independence days – about 30 per cent between them and the remaining 60 per cent will go to the independents and smaller groups. Many old faces, now seven years older, will be there; some have been outside politics since before the union, but a substantial number held office in the UAR. Ex-Premier Khalid Azim, known as the 'Red millionaire' because of his co-operation with the Communists, once again heads the Damascus poll with the aid of left-wing votes and has a good chance of being asked to form a government by whoever the new parliament elects as president.

To describe this election as a sweeping victory for the Right is probably misleading. Certainly the Right has a comfortable parliamentary majority; so it had in 1954, yet four years later, demoralised and frightened, parliament voted unanimously for its own dissolution and Syria's total merger with Egypt. The fact is that the Syrian parliament, elected on a 50 per cent poll, only partially reflects the real political forces in the country. Left-wing voters cannot secure the election of Socialist deputies except where their votes are concentrated, as in the area around Hama. But by vigorous extra-parliamentary activity, and with the support of a substantial body of leftish army officers, they can greatly influence policy. This happened before 1958 and might well happen again. Certainly Socialist ideas are popular enough, though the fact that even the most reactionary politicians now blandly call themselves 'Socialists' may have confused the electorate.

The army is another powerful political force unreflected in parliament. It abstained from interfering in the election but this does not mean the civilians have recovered the control over it which they lost soon after independence and never really recovered. One major cause of the Syrian army revolt against the UAR was that Nasser wanted to stop army officers engaging in political activity. September's coup was organised by six right-wing officers, but since then the military junta has been increased to 28, and it includes all area commanders – who are every colour in the political spectrum. A week before the election they arrested Colonel Haidar Kuzbari, cousin of the outgoing Premier Mamoun Kuzbari and chief organiser of Syria's secession from the UAR. Evidently he was trying to influence the electors towards the extreme right and was too friendly with King Hussein. The problem now of finding a president and prime minister acceptable to the army, yet also able to stand up to it, will not be easy.

However, in one way Syria has a better chance of stable independence than before: it is no longer at the centre of a chronic international crisis. After Suez, with an unfriendly Turkey, covetous Hashemite Iraq and hostile Israel as neighbours, wooed by Krushchev, threatened by Dulles and all the time exploding from within with Arab nationalism, its neurotic condition was understandable. Syria today is relatively out of the limelight. Its best hope is to stay there.

Paris

The Underground State

K. S. KAROL *writes:* The OAS has become so skilful at obtaining money by menaces that no one in France was surprised to learn that Brigitte Bardot had been one of the victims selected by these blackmailing super-patriots. People always suspect film stars of provoking incidents in order to get publicity, but on this occasion no one doubted that the OAS had tried to extort 5m. old francs from the actress. Her public refusal to pay up has made her the heroine of the French dockers, while in Algeria her records have been blacklisted by the OAS.

This incident makes one reflect on the power of the OAS. These extremists have been creating a 'parallel' state apparatus underground, ready to take over at any moment. Their cells are springing up all over the place – in the army and even in government departments. They are making secret contacts with politicians, police officials and business interests. In Algeria, the OAS has for some time been levying its own 'taxes' on the European population: sometimes these demands go out in the same envelope as official tax notices. This has not yet happened in France, but it is widely believed that property-owners have begun to pay protection-money to the OAS in return for a promise that their premises will not be blown up by plastic bombs.

It is also true that the OAS has penetrated the police. From a good deal of evidence for this, I take one small example. Last week a bomb exploded at 44 Avenue des Ternes, a house which at one time was the home of my friend Jean Daniel of *L'Express* – still in hospital recovering from wounds received at Bizerta. As a matter of fact Jean Daniel left that house three years ago, but he had not gone to the bother of registering his change of domicile. This meant that, so far as the police knew, he was still living at the Avenue des Ternes. It also means that the *plastiqueurs* have access – through police files – to the address of any journalist or politician they may wish to attack.

Although M. Debré talks of intensifying the struggle against the OAS, he fails to note the real problem. It is not a matter of capturing a few army officers who went underground after the April coup had failed, but of purging the state apparatus. Many key positions, however, are held by long-time supporters of de Gaulle who are sympathetic to those of their colleagues who have gone over to the OAS. A purge could only be successful if de Gaulle himself were to rely on the honest republicans who were themselves purged after 13 May 1958. There is no indication that he would be willing to do this; that is why the so-called 'struggle' against the OAS is little more than a futile game of hide-and-seek.

Lusaka

Last Chance for Peace

JOHN HATCH *writes*: Reginald Maudling flew into Lusaka on Saturday to deal with the most intractable and explosive problem in the African continent. The White Paper last February opened the door to a rational solution in Northern Rhodesia. During the following months, Kenneth Kaunda, the leader of UNIP, became quite popular with European audiences who had almost become reconciled to African rule. Then Welensky interfered, tempting Europeans to believe that they might win another respite. The chance of racial reconciliation vanished and, with the June White Paper, African anger at British and European betrayal spilled over into bloodshed; only the influence of Kenneth Kaunda prevented the country from plunging into chaos. Mr Maudling's visit and the decision he makes on his return to London thus represent the last chance for Europeans to safeguard their future in this country. If the Africans feel that they have been betrayed again, there will inevitably be violence and Kaunda would probably be overthrown for being a 'pacifist'.

When Kaunda led his six-man delegation, including the octogenarian doyen of European liberalism, Sir Stewart Gore-Browne, into Government House on Monday morning, he asked Maudling to scrap the Macleod constitution and start again. He pointed out that democracy cannot be sold to a people new to politics through complicated formulae. He strongly condemned the *apartheid* elements in the June White Paper, such as the separation of white and black members in the four double-member constituencies, the separate seat for Asians and coloureds and the insistence on a minimum percentage from each race instead of from each roll. He asked why the British government could provide for African advance in Tanganyika, Kenya and Nyasaland but shy away from it in Northern Rhodesia. He concluded by demanding a new, simple constitution guaranteeing an African majority. This line is supported in the main by the rival African National Congress.

Though they would reserve seats for Asians and Coloureds, the Liberals, led by Sir John Moffat, who at present hold ministerial office, have supported the UNIP's basic amendments to the June proposals. Sir John has committed himself to resigning if these amendments are not made. The two European parties – the Dominion Party and the United Federal Party – are both opposed to any genuine democratisation at present. But while the Dominion Party is calling for a United White Front to protect privilege, the UFP professes to believe in slow evolution with a possible African majority the election after next; but the party is itself divided.

What will be the outcome of this third round in the fight between Welensky and Kaunda? When I spoke to Maudling on Monday night, he obviously had an open mind after listening to a barrage of contrary advice, but he realises the urgency of decision. Not only is tension at flashpoint, but it has become increasingly recognised that Welensky's intervention has dangerously jeopardised the security of Europeans living here. It is believed in Salisbury that the British government have this time told Welensky that they will make their award whatever protests he may utter, offering him no more than an early resumption of the Federal Review Conference. This would mean that Welensky loses on points, for once Northern Rhodesia joins Nyasaland under African rule the present form of Federation is dead.

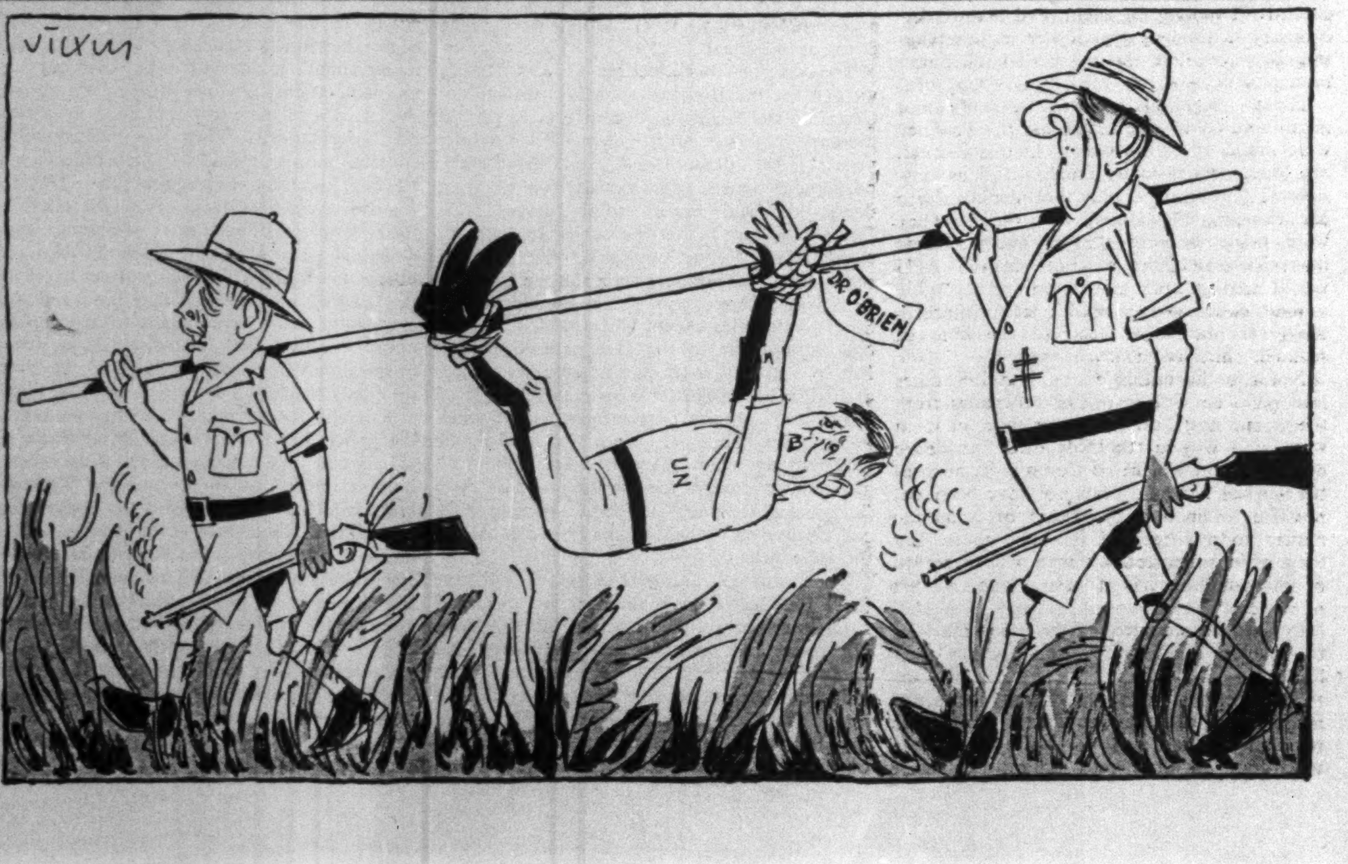
The guess here is that Britain will not risk another constitutional conference, but will make an award which will remove the most objectionable features of the June White Paper with the object of securing a UNIP-ANC liberal coalition with the UFP in opposition. This could have been achieved last February. This might just enable Kaunda to carry his people along with him, but the price Europeans will have to pay for this last-minute salvation will be higher than it would have been last February. But even this solution demands that Maudling shows more courage than his predecessor.

Laos

Chance of Agreement

DOROTHY WOODMAN *writes:* Six months after the three Laotian Princes endorsed the idea of a united, independent and neutral Laos, and two months after they accepted Souvanna Phouma as Prime Minister, Lord Home and Mr Gromyko (co-chairmen of the Geneva Conference) have requested them promptly to implement their agreement. Success or failure (which means peace or civil war in Laos) now depends on the agreement of Souvanna Phouma, Souphanouvong and Boun Oum to send a unified delegation to Geneva. Many difficulties have been ironed out by patient cooperation of the British and Soviet delegates in Geneva and by the persistent efforts of the Indian Chairman of the International Control Commission in Laos to bring the two sides together.

It was Samar Sen's urgent message to



Geneva on 11 November which alerted the Conference to the immediate danger of large-scale military activities in Laos. During the rainy season, when the truce was purely nominal, both sides regrouped their forces. The American military mission was increased to about 1,300; one American was attached to almost every unit of Boun Oum's forces. The Seato base across the Mekong was reinforced by 1,500 US marines, and by forces from Thailand, Philippines and South Vietnam. In Vientiane, an agency headed by a US major-general was set up to co-ordinate the activities of foreign troops. Some of its top-ranking officers openly criticised President Kennedy's expressed desire for a neutral Laos and a unified national government.

Against this background of military build-up, the three Princes failed to agree. The neutral Souvanna Phouma and the leftist Souphanouvong stood together on such questions as the distribution of portfolios in a coalition government. Behind the rightist, Boun Oum, General Phoumi Nosavan continued to be the major obstruction. The result was that no meeting was held; even the venue (Vientiane or Bin Hop) was left unsettled for reasons of mutual distrust.

Now that the Geneva Conference has agreed on a formula involving such intractable problems as voting procedure in the International Control Commission, the next step rests with the Laotians. Meanwhile it is significant that the Chinese delegate in Geneva (Deputy Foreign Minister Chang Han-fu) has expressed the view that Geneva 'offers perhaps the only effective live negotiating contact between Peking and Washington'. It in fact depends on them whether there can be a neutral and undivided Laos.

Holy Loch

No Pickings

A Special Correspondent writes: The Holy Loch is quiet these days. Few demonstrators, no weekend invasion of sightseers. Polaris provides a perfect illustration of the maxim that people become accustomed to anything. The only person known to be seriously perturbed at the moment is an elderly lady who complains that men on the huge floating dock, which lies well off-shore, can see into her bedroom. Complaints have also been made that Polaris occasionally interrupts TV reception. A local church is worried about demonstrators who camp for weeks by the lochside and every Sunday turn up for morning service. Many of the congregation would like to bar admittance to them.

Few locals are worried about Polaris – except in one respect. It has proved a sad financial disappointment. From this is developing an interesting form of anti-Polarism now prevalent in the most surprising quarters. When the first announcement was made of Polaris coming to the Holy Loch, grandiose dreams of riches were rekindled in many local hearts; riches similar to the sizeable fortunes totted-up hereabouts during the halcyon money-making days of the last war. Local town and county councillors were among the first to announce that Polaris would be good for trade.

Now, after almost a year of hoping, it is obvious that no fortunes have been, or will be, made. *Proteus* is mean, so mean, in fact, that she even pulverises her swill and shoots the lot overboard, much to the chagrin of pig-keepers who had visions of vast quantities of pig food becoming available, more or less

No String - or Strings

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for the picking up, as happened in the good old days of the Royal Navy. Pubs and hotels are doing badly. American sailors are as adept as old-age pensioners at spinning out their half-pints. The prostitutes and good-time girls have lost heart and gone home, or retreated to Glasgow, thus cutting travelling expenses. The local Customs and Excise officer is kept busy preparing the necessary forms for American sailors who want to buy new cars – from Germany.

The 2,000-odd servicemen attached to Polaris, plus the wives and families, spend a maximum of £75,000 per month. Of that most is spent by married men on shore accommodation. Nor is the spending area confined to the Holy Loch. It reaches as far as Glasgow and Prestwick. When local shopkeepers first rubbed their hands at the thought of serving comparatively wealthy American wives they overlooked existing US canteen facilities at Prestwick Airport.

At the same time, being Tory to a man, they cannot openly voice their growing dislike for the lethal vessels lying across their doorstep. To do so would mean allying themselves with local left-wing feeling and with CND. Caught thus, the Holy Loch fortune hunters are resorting to stiff-necked jingoism and a pathetic chorus of 'my country right or wrong'. It is interesting to speculate how long such attitudes can be maintained. But if local protests do take place, they will be as a result of pockets being pinched. Idealism was never high among Clyde-coast landladies and small traders.

London

Changing the Pattern

GEOFFREY DRAIN *writes*: The government's decision to accept most of the recommendations of the Royal Commission on Greater London means that, for the first time in 62 years, new types of local authority will be created. They mark an initial experiment with regionalism – for that is surely the meaning of the Greater London Council, even with its limited powers – and the inauguration of a new type of *ad hoc* education authority for the central area of two million population.

Few institutions have remained unchanged throughout the century, and with the vast social and economic changes which have taken place in the London area some kind of reorganisation of local government could not be put off indefinitely. The transfer of some trading functions to nationalised industries and certain welfare services to the NHS disturbed the balance between county and second-tier authorities, and new problems created by an ever widening urban population increasingly strained the resources of local authority bodies established before London spilled deeply into the home counties. It is now proposed that the present varied pattern should be replaced by a uniform structure consisting of a Greater London Council and a series of new London Boroughs with a minimum population of 200,000, which will become the primary units of local government, undertaking responsibility for education (except in the central area), housing, personal health and welfare services, children's services and some planning functions. The Greater London Council would be responsible for major planning, traffic management, main roads, ambulances and the fire service, and would have certain reserve housing powers.

This looks like a tidy and logical system. Yet the proposals have met with widespread opposition. What appears to be sound to the administrator is often anathema to the politician, and political objections may prevent the plan receiving the dispassionate examination which a major administrative reorganisation deserves. The keenest passion is aroused by the proposed abolition of the LCC, and there are understandable suspicions that the government is more concerned with the elimination of this Labour stronghold than with *bona fide* reform. Whatever the motive, the break-up of the LCC's excellent education service and the transfer to the new boroughs of other functions in which the LCC has done enlightened and progressive work for more than a quarter of a century is no small matter. The dropping of the Royal Commission's idea of a divided responsibility for education is welcome, but since the need for a central education authority has been admitted it should surely be established for the whole of the present LCC area, preserving the existing system intact.

Fleet Street

Osborne Judgment

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes*: Mr Colin R. Coote, managing editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, is a happy man. 'I trust,' he writes to me, 'you have noticed the pronouncement of the Press Council on the complaint brought by a Mr S. J. Russell against this paper for our report on Osborne and Mrs Gilliatt.' He has, he adds, been 'informed' (you have to hand it to managing editors, they have their sources) that 'you have made this story the basis of a strong and persistent attack against the *Daily Telegraph*' and 'I assume you will give full publicity to the verdict of the Press Council.' Indeed I will.

Readers of this column will not, I think, need to be reminded of the extraordinary depths of intrusion and innuendo to which the *Sunday Pictorial*, the *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Express*, the *Daily Mail* and (to other people's shocked surprise) the *Daily Telegraph* descended in stories reporting that Mr John Osborne, Mrs Gilliatt and a friend had left London to visit Mr Osborne's country house. These stories were unique even in the annals of popular slime for their piling up of detail and in their reports of every movement of the two principals – to whom it had been decided to give the full treatment. In all this *The Times*, the *Guardian* and the *Herald* had no part. The *Telegraph* published the longest report of all.

But Mr Coote is happy. When a journalist of an earlier tradition, Sir Linton Andrews, was chairman of the Press Council, it actually so far forgot itself as to ask British newspapers to accept the code of the American Society of Newspaper Editors that 'a newspaper should not invade private rights or feelings without sure warrant of public right as distinguished from public curiosity'. Now it has given Mr Coote its sympathy.

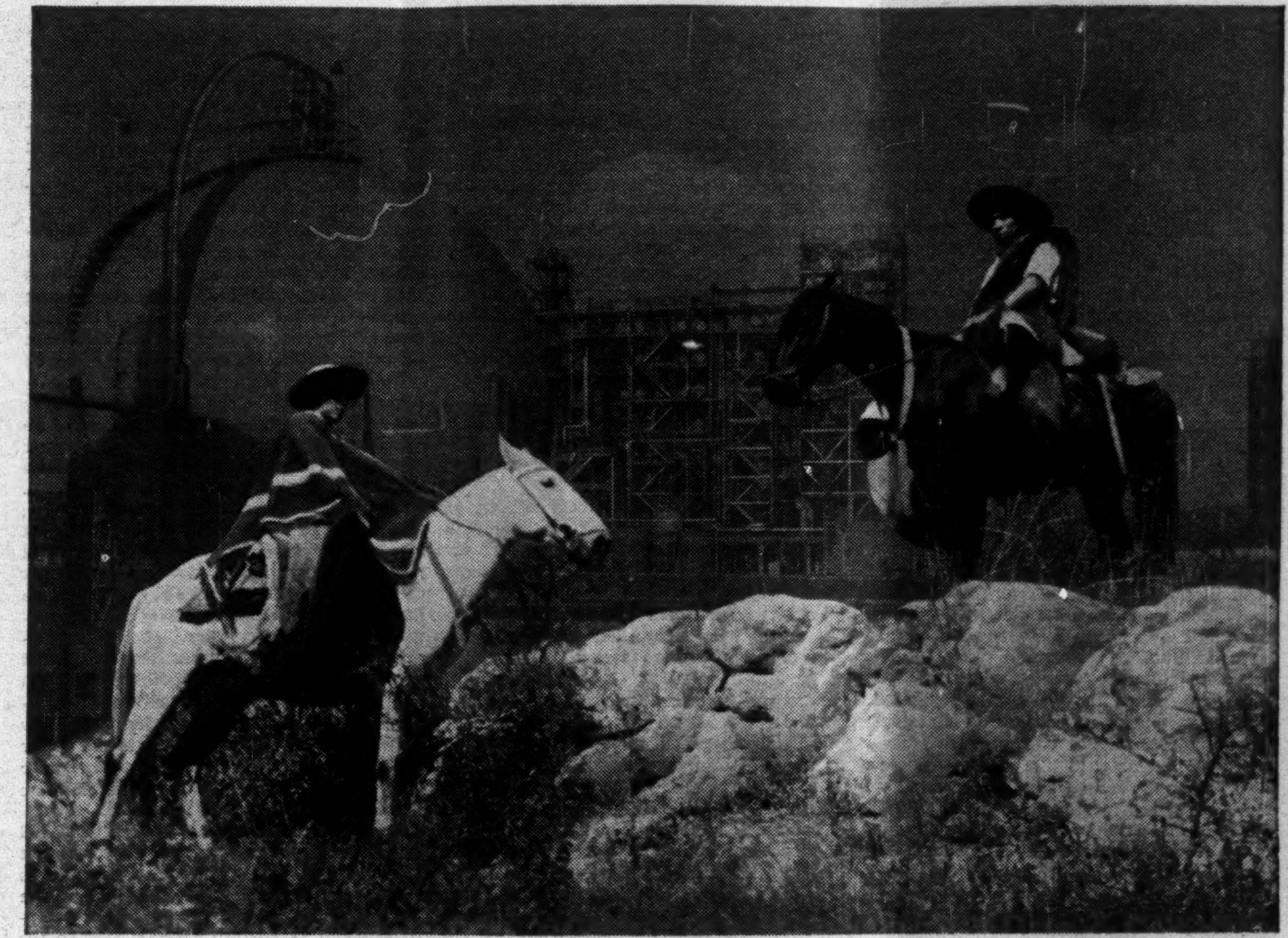
The reason given is a curious one – and tells a good deal about the Press Council in its present form. It is that 'the persons concerned had been very much in the public eye and the newspapers properly regarded their activities as news'. According to the Press Council, in other words, anyone who is in the public eye or has been promoted to that dusty eminence by the activities of the gossip columnists is thereby automatically robbed of any right to privacy. Write a successful play, become active in public affairs, once get, however accidentally, into the news, or for that matter find yourself used against your will as raw material by a gossip tout, and it is thereafter OK by the Press Council whatever a sensation hungry news editor chooses to do to you: 'You're news aren't you? What right have you to complain.'

I hope the managing editor of the *Daily Telegraph* is happy in the company he keeps – it is clearly no use telling him that why the *Telegraph's* conduct in this matter shocked so many people was that they had come to assume, wrongly no doubt, that, however much they might disagree with its opinions on some matters, it was a paper worthy of respect for the fine standard of its news reporting. They expect to find it in the company of *The Times* and the *Guardian* where news is concerned, not fighting it out in the gutter with those for whom anything goes so long as it will increase circulation. To do him justice Mr Coote did seem to have some regrets himself at one stage. He put in a plea of mitigation, assuming, no doubt, that the Council took its responsibilities seriously: it had not yet enunciated its great principle that no one in the public eye has any rights. 'Greater length and detail were,' he admitted, 'given than longer consideration, had it been practicable, would have recommended.' This weakness the Press Council brushed aside. Once you start admitting things like that what is left of the freedom of the press?

It is in for another good laugh shortly. The Secretary of the Glasgow Bar Association informs me that his executive committee has forwarded it a complaint of 'a breach of journalistic ethics' by the *Scottish Daily Express* in a sensational page one story about a Glasgow barrister's death. They describe it as 'intrusion upon private grief of a despicable order' to be 'explained only in terms of sensationalism and salacity.' Clearly the Glasgow Bar Association is out of touch with the higher principles of journalism. The man was news wasn't he? Why should death save him? Some members of the branch of the National Union of Journalists in the same city also seem to be living in the past. They are considering reporting to the Press Council a recent spot of good clean fun when 'Reporters were struck to the ground – one was in danger of his life – an iron gate was torn from its hinges, a policeman injured and a knife flashed' – all in the interests of good journalism. This demonstration of journalistic enterprise was triggered off when a man accused of murder at the Glasgow High Court was released on a 'non-proven' verdict and three newspapers, the *Daily Express*, the *Evening Citizen* and the *Daily Record*, all thought they had signed him up for an exclusive story. In the resulting confusion he was bundled by Expressmen into a *Daily Record* car by mistake. In the free-for-all to get him out not only was an iron gate flung into the battle but several reporters – there were about 20 involved in all – were knocked down and trampled on and a friend of the released man had his crutches broken. He subsequently sent in a bill for their repair to the *Evening Citizen*, claiming they had been broken on its behalf.

The proper course for the Press Council at its next meeting is clear. Having slapped down the Glasgow Bar Association for its presumption in trying to teach the press its business it should devote some of its meagre funds to providing coshes for members of the Glasgow NUJ. What is going to happen to the freedom of the press if journalists start getting soft?

Chemicals come to the Pampas



PRIBSH

Two hundred miles up the broad Paraná river from Buenos Aires lies the town of San Lorenzo, overlooking the *pampas* — the seemingly endless wheat and cattle plains that were once Argentina's only source of wealth. Here, a stone's throw from fields of maize, a group of chemical plants is taking shape. Soon it will be pouring out raw materials for commodities ranging from textiles to plastics ; and in the not-too-distant future new plants will be added to transform oil from Argentina's subtropical North into polythene and polyester fibre.

This £10 million enterprise is only one of many launched by I.C.I. of England to nourish manufacturing industries throughout the world. I.C.I. plants making polythene, blasting explosives, dyestuffs and heavy chemicals serve the newly emerging industries of India. In Australia and New Zealand, scores of chemical products that once had to be imported are now made in quantity by an I.C.I. subsidiary ; and I.C.I. associate companies meet many of the chemical needs of Africa. To these overseas activities there is to be added a new complex of chemical plants near Rotterdam, which will supply plastics, petrochemicals and related products to the highly sophisticated industries of the E.E.C. and the E.F.T.A.

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The Illusion of Civil Defence

GERARD PIEL

What is the significance of the fall-out shelter craze now sweeping the US? Do such shelters offer any effective means of civil defence in a thermo-nuclear war? Now some construction firms in this country are seeking to profit in the same way from public anxiety about fall-out, while the government lamely presses a civil defence programme that contradicts its own nuclear policy, this article by the Publisher of the 'Scientific American' raises vital questions of public interest – for Britain as well as America.

The human species has been living with the possibility of thermo-nuclear war for more than a decade, but in recent weeks citizens of the US have been learning to reckon with the probability of this disaster. Their government has undertaken to survey, mark and provision 20 million fall-out shelter spaces in the central cities of the country. And the individual citizen is urged by his government – and by a quickly mushrooming fall-out shelter industry – to provide shelter on his own premises in accordance with 'his needs'.

Happily, it cannot be said that the fall-out shelter movement has found wide popular acceptance. Indeed, the effort has evoked suspicion and incredulity. Close-range contemplation of thermo-nuclear war has brought many citizens to the conclusion that civil defence is an illusion – a dangerous illusion because it increases the probability of war.

To promote his contemplation of war and civil defence, the citizen is richly supplied with literature by his government. The hard facts contained in this literature are the results of the weapon tests conducted by the government over the past 16 years – some 160 shots totalling about 120 megatons of explosive energy. In spite of the magnitude of the effort, these experiments do not answer all our questions. For one thing, the results are not available to the citizen in their entirety. In the second place, these tests have been conducted in the wilderness of Nevada or on barren coral atolls in the South Pacific. They do not, therefore, show what a thermo-nuclear explosion would actually do to a crowded modern city, or to forests and croplands. For direct demonstration on these lines there is only the experience with the nominal atomic bomb at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But one quickly learns that experience with kiloton weapons has no direct application to the weapons in the megaton range.

On this limited, incomplete and uncertain data there has grown a vast secondary literature. Here one finds the fruit of speculative investigations conducted by civil defence agencies, by the Atomic Energy Commission and the armed services, by certain academic institutions and individuals and by such quasi-independent organisations as the Rand Corporation working under contract for the armed services and other governmental agencies. Much of the material is conveniently packaged for reference in the proceedings of the several Congressional hearings on the biological and environmental effects of nuclear war and civil defence. Careful and critical reading of the secondary literature shows that the secondary investigations it reports are no less speculative for the fact that they have been conducted under the rubric of 'operations research' and facilitated by the employment of large computers. It is evident that the assumptions fed into the computers heavily condition the results.

This work has two main kinds of bias. One originates from the desire to conceive and secure a significant civil defence. As one witness put it in the record of a Congressional hearing: '. . . we should always emphasise the survivors rather than the casualties . . . it is not what you have lost that is important, but what you have left.' This human tendency is entirely understandable in relation to the grave concerns of civil defence. Equally understandable is the pressure of bias that flows from the military contribution to the discussion. One would expect military people to argue the validity of military solutions to political problems. It is perhaps less understandable – and surely less creditable – that their quasi-independent consultants should tell them what they want to hear. But one must not be surprised to learn the conclusion to which pressure from this quarter leads – that thermo-nuclear war is not only possible and probable but also feasible.

Now those who advance the feasibility of thermo-nuclear war do not claim that it is desirable. After living with the subject for more than a decade, however, these authors have learned not to shrink from horror. They face facts from which others recoil and distinguish between 'a hopeless situation and a grim one', between a situation that 'could be very serious' and yet 'not catastrophic', between an 'unprecedented catastrophe' and an 'unlimited one'. They conclude that it is possible 'to prevail in some meaningful sense of the term', if 'not win'.

In the calculus of feasibility, civil defence plays a decisive role. Simple arithmetic shows it is the number of survivors that makes the difference between an 'unprecedented' and an 'unlimited' catastrophe. Here the objective of civil defence poses a delicate paradox. In all humanity, one must encourage measures that can save the lives of individuals. In the national interest, one must seek to minimise the number of casualties. But if such measures enhance the feasibility of thermo-nuclear war, then they may also raise the probability of war. At best, they increase the likelihood of unprecedented catastrophe. At worst, if the assumptions on which the civil defence measures are predicated prove to be wrong, they expose the nation to unlimited catastrophe.

The basic doctrine of the US civil defence policy is a Spartan one: 'In an atomic war, blast, heat and initial radiation could kill millions close to ground zero of nuclear bursts. Many more millions – everybody else – could be threatened by radioactive fall-out but most of these could be saved.' No responsible official or consultant suggests that anyone can be protected against what are called the 'prompt' effects of nuclear weapons: the initial radiation, heat and blast. But people can be sheltered against fall-out. It is against fall-out, therefore, that the civil defence programme is directed.

Even at this early stage of public indoctrination in civil defence, most people have learned to distinguish two kinds of fall-out. There is, on the one hand, the fall-out that has excited such concern during the recent series of Soviet tests and earlier during the last series of tests conducted by the US. This is the world-wide fall-out that follows a test explosion in the atmosphere; the radioactive fission products are transported aloft by the fireball, to be dissipated in the stratosphere and later to return to earth with their lethal energy substantially reduced.

There is, on the other hand, the local fall-out, which is of concern to civil defence. This fall-out results when a nuclear weapon is burst on the ground. There is a catastrophe at the target, as at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, from which few escape. There is local fall-out against which those who are sheltered may be protected.

With this picture in mind, most people are surprised to be reminded that there were no casualties from local fall-out at Hiroshima or Nagasaki. The reason is that there was no local fall-out in either of these catastrophies. As President Truman explained at the time, the two bombs were detonated at a height calculated to minimise the generation of local fall-out. He did not go on to explain that they were detonated at a height calculated to maximise the 'prompt' effects of initial radiation, heat and blast. These effects are suppressed by as much as 40 per cent in a ground burst in exchange for the radiological effects of local fall-out or for the delivery of maximum ground shock to a 'hardened' military target. Thus, as the saying goes in the vulgar lexicon of nuclear warfare: 'You can't have everything, even when you've got an absolute weapon.'

Since fall-out is the only effect that civil defence can cope with, the subject of fall-out is emphasised in civil defence. As one witness testified in June 1959 to the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy: 'Fall-out and its potentially lethal areas are important, but so are the areas of the other effects; the pendulum of interest has swung to fall-out and there is some tendency to overlook the very important other effects.'

The students of civil defence have given a great deal of time to the detailed investigations of hypothetical fall-out attacks. In the June 1959 hearings, for example, experts from several agencies presented their findings on a hypothetical attack with a weight of about 1,500 megatons directed against military and civilian targets in the continental US. All the 263 weapons employed in this attack on 224 targets were groundburst. The computers, applying the ratios experienced at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, showed 30 million mortal casualties, plus 10 million surviving casualties caused by the 'prompt' effects of these weapons. But they showed 10 million more killed and 10 million surviving injured as the result of exposure, without protection, to the effects of local fall-out. The lesson of this study was that fall-out shelters might have reduced mortal casualties by 25 per cent and the number of injured by half.

Even more dramatic results were reported at the hearings held in August of this year by a sub-committee of the House Committee on Government Operations under the chairmanship of Representative Chet Holifield. The investigation covered a wide range of attacks, from 3,000 to 10,000 megatons and on up to 30,000 megatons in total weight, directed primarily at military targets and employing airbursts, instead of, groundbursts, only when the 'softness' of the target permitted. The charts showed that, in the absence of civil defence precautions, total deaths might range from more than 10 per cent to substantially 100 per cent of the population, with casualties at the maximum when the entire weight of the attack was committed to groundbursts. With fall-out shelters affording somewhat less protection than those envisioned in the present civil defence programme, these figures were shown to be reduced by as much as 40 per cent. With much more substantial fall-out shelters that would also afford 'nominal protection against blast', the study showed more than 90 per cent of the population surviving the 3,000 megaton attack and as much as 60 per cent surviving the 30,000 megaton attack.

Such figures certainly seem to be a strong argument in favour of preparing substantial fall-out shelters. But the witness who reported on these figures was careful to moderate their impact. He pointed out:

> . . . the outcomes of future attacks are anything but precisely predictable. Fall-out could create overwhelming disaster, but it might not . . . it depends most importantly on the kind of war the combatants may be prepared to fight.

This question of the kind of war the combatants may fight is an important one. But the feasibility of thermo-nuclear war involves another big question. If fall-out shelters can secure a substantial number of survivals, what kind of world will they survive into? As Governor Nelson Rockefeller's Committee on Fall-out Protection defines the problem: 'There are many unsettled questions as to what people should do, where they should go, to whom they should look when it is safe to leave shelters.'

The answer to these questions are somewhat less precisely predictable than the casualty rate. But they have been subjected to study, and the recuperation of the nation from at least one of the possible wars has been projected in a preliminary way. It is assumed that this hypothetical war has devastated the 53 largest metropolitan regions of the US. A third of the population has been killed, half of the country's industrial capacity destroyed. For the great task of recuperation, however, the nation has substantial resources: two-thirds of its population and half of its industrial capacity. It turns out, furthermore, that the country has lost the more expendable portion of its total resources – the 'A' country composed of the principal metropolitan regions, as compared with the 'B' country of lesser cities and rural countryside. It further turns out that while the 'A' country cannot survive without a 'B' country, the 'B' country can do more than merely survive without the 'A' country; it seems to have the resources and skills to rebuild the 'A' country in about 10 years.

The achievement of such a rate of recovery, however, depends on the assumption 'that extensive reorganisation could be accomplished within perhaps six months.' This is what the report says:

> The initial phase of economic activity . . . would be dominated by reorganization problems. . . . Some of the problems are physical, such as the patching up of capital that has suffered only partial damage (for example, electric power grids, open-hearth furnaces without chimneys), decontamination of factories immobilised by fall-out, and even the disposal of millions of dead. Other pressing problems are institutional: preservation of the governmental framework, restoration of the monetary system and of decision-making authority in business enterprises, re-establishment of markets for consumer goods and raw materials . . . and activation of the labour force so that people support themselves by regular work.

The projected recuperation also assumes that the people would not have sustained any long-term psychological disability from their experience, that the human germ plasm would tolerate a prolonged exposure to levels of background radiation far above the present level and that there would not have been any permanent ecological damage.

It is conceded that these questions require deeper study. Recuperation economics, for example, involves some distressing variations on the familiar Malthusian equation. One student has testified:

> . . . the relative balance between surviving population and surviving productivity capacity has a very important bearing on the problem of economic recuperation . . . [A] situation could easily arise where the surviving wealth per capita was greater than it is now. . . . [On] the other hand . . . most of our population may survive . . . but the destruction of productive capacity may make it difficult to support the survivors in the long run.

Still other questions remain to be studied. One expert has termed these 'the social, psychological, political, and moral problems of recuperation' and has said 'these . . . are currently the hard questions. Many feel they are the dominant questions.'

With all these questions remaining to be studied, it can scarcely be said that the feasibility of thermo-nuclear war has been demonstrated by its proponents. And one may still hope that the Kennedy administration is not committed to this thesis. Nonetheless the first steps in preparation for the experiment have now been taken. The Federal government has launched its central-city fall-out shelter survey. The President has personally encouraged citizens to build their own fall-out shelters – and to stock them for a two-week stay.

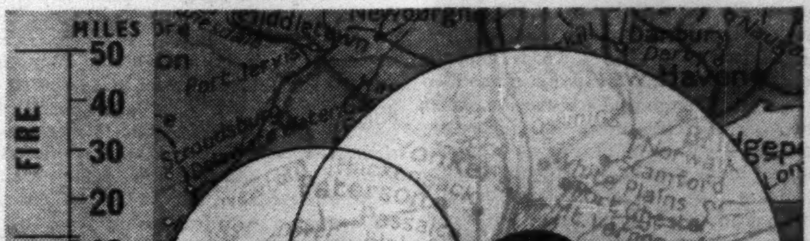
In the President's judgment, the sole function of the present programme is to save the lives that can be saved. Civil defence, he said, 'cannot deter a nuclear attack.' But there is some dissent from this narrow concept. Speaking for a great many military minds, General Lyman L. Lemnitzer has said 'civil defence is a part of our total deterrent', in the sense that capacity to survive and recuperate is calculated to deter the enemy from striking first. Still a third position is advanced by some academic and quasi-academic experts on thermo-nuclear war; they argue that civil defence will lend credibility to the nation's nuclear arsenal, giving it what they call 'First Strike Credibility' based on the country's capacity to sustain a counter-attack.

In the present atmosphere, it is difficult to recall that 16 years ago the atomic scientists had proved war is obsolete as a means for arbitrating international political disputes. As Harold Urey then observed: 'atomic bombs don't land in the next block, leaving survivors to thank their lucky stars and . . . to hope the next bomb will also miss them.' Urey and other scientists 'thought the possibilities would be so apparent that when humanity saw what science had done, they would see immediately that here was the end of war.'

Since 1945 there has been no fundamental change in the physics that underlies this conclusion. No basic discovery has made thermo-nuclear war either more violent or more feasible. Long before Alamogordo, Urey's heavy-water process had made the heavy isotopes of hydrogen abundantly available. The hydrogen bomb was implicit in the fission bomb. All that was needed was the technology that has come along simultaneously and independently in the US and the USSR and in other countries as well.

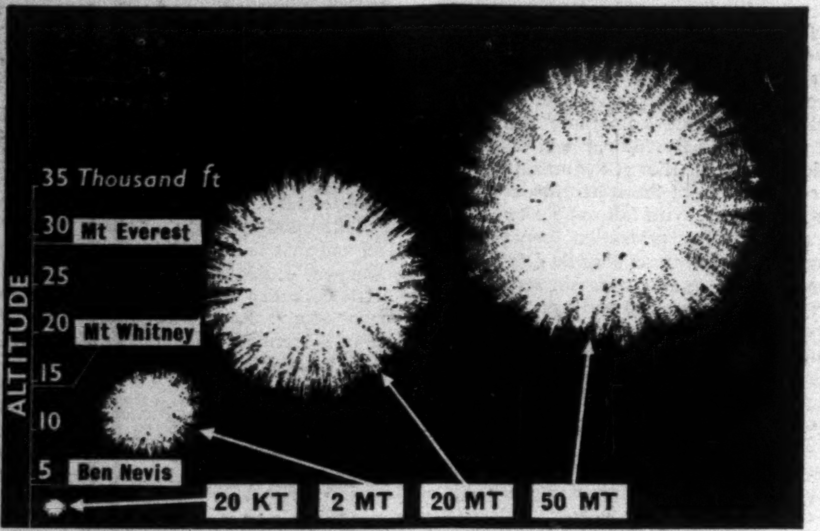
To recapture the original mood of the nuclear physicists requires a still closer look at what happens in a nuclear explosion. It will be seen that the escalation from kilotons to megatons demands reconsideration of the assumptions of civil defence. The atomic

BLAST AND FIRESTORM



The 'terror' bombs are incendiary weapons. This map shows the area of blast (black circles) and fire (open circles) from a series of bombs of different size exploded in the New York area. The larger the bomb, the higher the point of explosion must be to achieve maximum efficiency. If they were groundburst, the effects would then be reduced by 40 per cent.

THE SIZE OF THE FIREBALL



This diagram shows the fireballs of H-bombs ranging from 20 kilotons up to 50 megatons. To maximise their blast effects they must be exploded at progressively higher altitudes.

bomb that terminated World War II is said to have had the destructive power of 20 kilotons of TNT. At Hiroshima, the TNT-equivalent blast effect levelled a roughly circular area one mile in radius. The blast effect in this case overrode and obscured the consequences of the other major 'prompt' effect of the nuclear explosion; that is: fire. Before the shock wave of the explosion – travelling at the speed of sound – had done its damage, the fireball had showered the same area of one mile radius with thermal energy sufficient to ignite fires and inflict third-degree burns on all human beings directly exposed within one mile of ground zero.

The destructive capacity of still larger weapons is expressed on the same scale of TNT-equivalent explosive power. But this scale has decreasing relevance to the true nature of these weapons as they grow larger. The ranges of the two principal 'prompt' effects – heat and blast – increase at different rates with increase in size. This is to say that the two concentric circles of destruction and lethality that were coterminous at Hiroshima increase at significantly different rates as technology packs more violence into the nuclear warhead. The circle of total destruction by blast grows at the slower rate: its radius increases as the cube root of the increase in TNT-equivalent tonnage. The circular area showered with thermal radiation grows much faster: its radius increases as the square root of the increase in power. Thus the area engulfed in the incendiary effects of the bigger weapons reaches outward far beyond the perimeter of the blast circle.

On the previous page, the diagram 'Blast and Firestorm' shows that the 20-megaton bomb, (1,000 times bigger than the 20-kiloton bomb) has a blast radius of 10 miles (the cube root of 1,000) and an incendiary radius of 30 miles (the square root of 1,000). By the same token, the 50-megaton bomb tested in the Soviet Union must have a blast radius of about 13 miles but an incendiary radius of 50; a 100-megaton bomb would have a blast radius of about 17 miles and an incendiary radius of 70 miles. If 100, why not 1,000 megatons? Such a weapon would have an incendiary radius of 200 miles.

The conclusion to be drawn is that the bigger the weapon is, the more preponderantly it becomes an incendiary weapon. There are two decisive elements in the incendiary effect of the big weapon. In the first place, the ignition of many fires at once throughout the 3,000 square miles around a 20-megaton burst is sure to produce a gigantic single fire, a conflagration so huge that it must be reckoned as a meteorological event – a firestorm. If blast effect destroys the central city, the firestorm incinerates the metropolitan area.

Not much is said about firestorms in the literature of thermo-nuclear war and civil defence. For perfectly obvious reasons, the effect is not one of those subjected to experimental study in the long series of weapons tests. There was some experience with firestorms ignited by ordinary incendiary bombs in World War II: the firestorm at Dresden is estimated to have killed 300,000 people in a single night; at Hamburg, some 70,000; at Tokyo, some 200,000. Blastproof bomb shelters afforded no protection in these storms; their occupants were found suffocated and cremated when the shelters were opened. There was a firestorm also at Hiroshima, but it burned inside the perimeter of the blast effect.

This brings us to the second decisive element in the incendiary effect of the giant weapons. That is the so-called perimeter-to-area ratio; as the radius of the circle increases, the area within goes up as the square of the increase, and the edge of the firestorm moves farther and farther away from ground zero. A number of people at Hiroshima who had been sheltered from blast and direct exposure to heat managed to escape from inside the circle of destruction before the firestorm took over. It was this experience, programmed into the computers, that moderated the casualty estimates in the 1,500-megaton groundburst attack postulated at the 1959 hearings of the Joint Committee. But it is clear, a far smaller percentage of the population would escape from the vast interior of a 20-megaton firestorm.

I have not mentioned the fall-out of these big weapons. The reason is that the blast and especially the fire effect are maximised by airburst, at altitudes proportionate to the size of the weapon and the fireball, as I show in the diagram above. Now under these circumstances there is no fall-out. A 20-megaton weapon can, of course, be groundburst. But it would not be profitable to use such a weapon for its radiological effects, because the square mileage destroyed by its incendiary effect already approximates to the area that could be covered by intense fall-out. The same logic applies with increasing force to still larger weapons.

In each case the incendiary effect can be magnified still further in exchange for blast effect by bursting the bigger weapons very high. As the atmosphere is less dense at great heights, there is little loss of energy, and the cone of effective thermal radiation gains a still wider radius at its base. According to one set of calculations, a 1,000-megaton bomb detonated at satellite altitude could set six of America's western states afire.

It is evident from the literature that no adequate consideration has been given to the incendiary aspect of thermo-nuclear war. Fire was not mentioned, for example, in connection with the fall-out shelters that were supposed to provide 'nominal protection against blast' in the model fall-out attacks described at the Holifield hearings in August. Yet any blast effect would be felt well inside the firestorm. It was admitted at those hearings that there has been no research on 'what might be called the environmental fire problem', that is, the burning of forests, prairies and croplands. It may be that the effects of the firestorms are, literally, unthinkable.

Throughout the literature it is implied that people and property outside the bull's-eye are safe from fire as well as blast. All *they* have to worry about, one gathers, is fall-out. The fact is that the only thing they *can* worry about is fall-out.

With public anxiety thus directed to fall-out, the administration's civil defence programme promises fall-out protection. The Federal effort to establish fall-out shelters in the central cities will provide such protection if fall-out is the hazard to which the population is exposed. If not, these shelters will trap the urban populations in blast and fire. The same reasoning applies to the family fall-out shelter. The 60 per cent of the population that has basements readily accessible to it is advised to instal a 'basement shelter [that] can be built with solid concrete blocks as a do-it-yourself project' for $150 to $200. Such a shelter will provide protection if fall-out (of the estimated intensity) is the only hazard to which its occupants are exposed. Within the incendiary radius of a big bomb, however, the basement shelter becomes a fire-trap.

Even with fall-out as the strategic hazard, there are other things to worry about. At the August hearing on civil defence an expert presented this portrait of a householder standing on his own property 'about 25 miles from an important, somewhat isolated strategic target.' The target comes under a 20-megaton groundburst.

> Survival depends on how much this man has found out about weapons effects, about the precautions he needs to take, and above all what he has actually done. For instance, a shelter with a shielding factor of 100 makes the radiation tolerable. Because of the slower rate of delivery of thermal energy from the high-yield weapons, he can reduce effectively the number of calories hitting him if he ducks behind something opaque. After a few seconds the bulk of the thermal energy will have been emitted and he then has about two minutes to get to a place where he'll be safe from flying glass and other missiles created by the blast wave which travels at the speed of sound. Depending on the meteorological conditions, of course, the fall-out could be expected to

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to mark the occasion of his award of the

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Chief Lutuli has sent us this special message:

"On behalf of the African people in South Africa I wish to express the deepest appreciation to the British people for their contribution — through Christian Action and its Defence and Aid Fund — to our struggle here, particularly during the Treason Trial and the Emergency following upon Sharpeville. The struggle continues. Recent pronouncements of the South African Government leave us in no doubt that muzzling and curbing of our leaders will be intensified. Consequently more than ever before we need material and moral support.

"As a Christian, the work of Christian Action appeals to the inmost fibres of my being as flowing directly from applied Christianity; but even if I were not a Christian, I would nonetheless be moved by its work; knowing what it has done. For instance, the nightmare called the Treason Trial, in which so many of us, including me, were involved directly as accused, would have become intolerable if Christian Action had not come to our rescue. In all sincerity, I can say that the Defence and Aid Fund made the difference between starving to death and living for a large number of accused and their families. What else can I do but reverently express thanks to our Father in Heaven for this manifestation of his Bounty."

But the Treason Trial was only one of the many tribulations resulting from Apartheid in South Africa. Africans, Indians, Coloured Europeans: all alike are in peril. Thousands are imprisoned or deprived or "on the run"; their families and dependants are impoverished, their children hungry and sometimes homeless. Hundreds are already driven to seek asylum elsewhere as refugees. Our aid is vital to save them from defeat and despair.

Remember : **Sharpeville; Windhoek; Zeerust; Cato Manor, Sekhukuneland; Langa; Pondoland.**

PLEASE PAY **YOUR TRIBUTE** TO THIS GREAT LEADER
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> arrive in around 20 minutes to an hour and continue to fall for about 2 to 6 hours. Thus it can be seen that the effects of a detonation of 20 megatons as experienced at 25 miles do not confront our man simultaneously. If he knows the sequence of events, and if he knows what he has to do to survive, he has time to act. He does have to act correctly the first time or take the consequences. At such distances few knowledgeable, intelligent people need be hurt seriously.

It is necessary to add, from the testimony of the same witness, that this man must take care not to look at the fireball as it comes above the horizon; '. . . experiments during the tests above Johnston Island in 1958 show that burns to the retina can occur as far away as . . . 345 statute miles.' It is necessary to mention also that 'the possibility of direct thermal radiation being transmitted by re-radiation into a shelter' is still under scientific investigation.

The Civilian Danger

The idea that fall-out constitutes the principal hazard to the civilian population is a derivation from military theory. Remembering Pearl Harbour, the military thinkers of the US are convinced that the enemy will lay the primary weight of his attack upon the country's military installations. No less an authority than General Curtis E. LeMay, who commanded the 20th Air Force in the strike against Hiroshima and Nagasaki, has declared: 'There is no point in going after the civilian population as such.' The first attack by the enemy would therefore be what is called 'counter-force' attack, directed at the destruction of the country's capacity to retaliate. Since a substantial portion of the retaliatory force is installed in 'hardened' missile bases, the enemy warheads would be groundburst, and the civilian population would come under fall-out as a side effect.

To be effective the weight of this attack would have to be considerable. An independent study by a meteorologist at the University of Arizona shows that 300 megatons would have to be laid in a few minutes on the 18 'hardened' Titan bases that ring the city of Tucson. The same considerations apply apparently to other communities where missile bases have been installed within logistically convenient range: Wichita and Salina, Kansas; Little Rock, Arkansas; the Rome-Utica complex in New York; Lincoln, Nebraska; Altus, Oklahoma; Abilene, Texas, and Plattsburgh, New York, among others.

With heavy groundburst attacks directed at such targets, the nearby communities would come [illegible] fall-out of intensities far above those against which the do-it-yourself basement shelter, supplied for two weeks of refuge, could afford protection. Apparently the siting of missile bases has considerably depressed the prospects of country 'B'. With the distribution of other targets more nearly approximating that of the economy and the population as a whole, one can see the logic in Admiral Arleigh A. Burke's declaration that 'in general nuclear war missile forces can no longer attempt to destroy their enemy's counterpart without destroying the corporate body of the enemy state itself.'

The elaborate studies of the fall-out hazard can be set aside entirely if the attacker should choose to attack the population directly instead of by side effect. As the expert who presented the hypothetical 30,000-megaton fall-out attack at the August civil defence hearing said: 'So far as the initial impact of any attack is concerned, the level of fatalities is extremely sensitive to attack design'. The attacker could, for example, adopt the strategy of 'counter-force plus bonus'. By diverting 10 per cent of the 30,000 megatons (that is, 3,000 megatons) to civilian targets he could, according to this witness, 'kill as many as 120 million people'. He would take as his 'bonus' the substantially complete destruction of US civilisation. The population is a 'soft' target and, as such, highly vulnerable to 'prompt' effects. It takes fewer megatons to kill the corporate body of the state than to destroy the forces supposed to defend it.

Civil defence, it is said, 'increases markedly our ability to survive war if [the war] is fought by rational methods'. But there is little reason to think that a real war will be fought by the rational strategies of game theory that are supplied as inputs to a computer. The experience of history suggests that the first exchange, if 'rational', will trigger an unlimited escalation of violence, going on to the final exhaustion and destruction of the installed capacity for violence. We must remember Hiroshima as well as Pearl Harbour.

Not only the US and the USSR but also their allies and satellites and the neutrals in line of fire face the same dread propect. It is said that the empty world of *On the Beach* is pure fiction. But the firestorms of a thermo-nuclear war could work an irreversible disruption of the social and moral fabric of western civilisation. The kind of society that would emerge from the shelters may be guessed from the kind of society that is preparing to go into shelters now.

The escalation toward the ultimate catastrophe is already under way. The major thermo-nuclear powers are completing their research and development and moving on to the era of intercontinental push-button armaments in readiness for action. Soon they will have others in their Jovian company. There will be bigger weapons and more of them, and earth satellites as well as rockets to deliver them. Across the continents and under the oceans, the weapons will be deployed in ever larger number and variety. The danger of the totally irrational accidental war must mount as control over these weapons becomes attenuated over constantly lengthening chains of command.

US citizens are personally witness to this escalation, in the rising tide of callousness and brutality at home. It is to be seen, at the top level of the government, in the writing off of Tucson and other cities by the siting of missile bases in their immediate environs. It erupts in an ugly way, at the middle level, in the vigilante league of Las Vegas and Bakersfield against the prospective flood of refugees from Los Angeles. It shames the nation before the world in the form of an American 'individualism' that prescribes a sawed-off shotgun as equipment for the family fall-out shelter.

The civil defence programme of our federal government, however else intended, must be regarded as a step in the escalation process. This is a sinister development because it works a psychological subversion of both government and citizens. It gives the sanction of action to the delusion that a thermo-nuclear war can be fought and survived. It encourages statesmen to take larger risks predicated upon 'First-Strike Credibility' and 'Post-Attack Recuperative Capacity'. It disengages the citizen from vigilance over the rationality and responsibility of his elected officials. On the other side of the world power contest, in satisfaction of the equations of war-game theory, it invites a Pre-emptive Strike. For the dubious protection it promises, civil defence has exacted a dangerous cost to the national security of the United States.

It is clear that, in launching its fall-out shelter programme, the administration has sought to find a compromise. Between the still overwhelming popular reluctance to accept violence as a way of life on the one hand and the pressure to 'do something' on the other, the administration has cut its problem down the middle. It has yielded to pressure from two quarters. One originates with irresponsible politicians in both parties who have adopted fall-out defence as a mode of political dynamism. The other and much more significant pressure originates with the military and its commitment to military solutions, backed by the powerful economic interest in those solutions that has come to be the biggest business in the land. But a primary responsibility for this hoax on public opinion must be attributed to those authors of 'fraud by computer' who produced the literature that argues the feasibility of thermo-nuclear war.

The Administration's purchase of this hoax raises two grim possibilities. First, it may have seriously compromised its capacity to rally public opinion in favour of the settlements it is seeking to negotiate at the conference table. Second, in the mood of mounting fear and truculence, the Administration may find it has provoked demagogic clamour for a civil defence programme going far beyond the present one.

Unprecedented Emergency

Such programmes have been studied and estimated in a preliminary way. The down payment on the cost of taking the nation underground would be $150 billion. But that is only the fiscal cost. The social cost of going underground would require nothing less than the suspension of civil institutions, the habituation of the people to violence and the ultimate militarisation of the society. By that time it would surely be difficult to define the ideological conflict that the war is supposed to be fought about. And by that time the technology of thermo-nuclear war will no doubt be equal to hunting out its targets underground.

The nations of the world must accept the truth that thermo-nuclear war cannot settle even the most irreconcilable conflict to anybody's satisfaction. With all due caution, at the present stage in the escalation of terror, governments must seek the settlement of political differences by peaceful means. Concurrently they must seek an immediate halt in the arms race and thereafter general and complete disarmament under controls that will protect mankind from its resumption. The two elements are inseparable; for, it is clear, there would be no German problem if the nations disarmed, and there can be no convention on disarmament that does not include China.

History has lagged behind the progress of technology, and now an unprecedented emergency confronts the continuation of history. The conflicts that hang over from the good old days before thermo-nuclear weapons cannot be arbitrated by war. They must be settled before madness, stupidity, accident or the arms race itself precipitates the war.

If we enter into negotiation in distrust and fear of the other party, we must bear in mind that the other party bears the same distrust and fear of us. If we think they lack our sophisticated appreciation of the menace of thermo-nuclear weapons, let us recall that they have fresh in memory their 25 million dead of World War II. Both sides are driven to the conference table by the same iron compulsion of thermo-nuclear reality.

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The growing family of Thomas Tilling owes its success to the understanding supervision of the parent. Members continue to manage their businesses in their own way but enjoy the relief and satisfaction which derive from linking with an organisation dedicated to progress. With the financial support and close co-operation of Thomas Tilling they have been able to develop more quickly and on a broader basis than if they had chosen to stay on their own. They retain their individuality and their employees.

There is room for more hand-picked companies, with top, forward-looking managements whose emphasis is on growth and expansion. No absolute bar is placed on the nature of the business but the tendency is to seek concerns which can benefit from the knowledge and experience of existing members, or vice versa.

This invitation—for invitation it is—is principally addressed to owners of private companies, who for the reasons outlined above, or perhaps for death duty purposes, contemplate sharing their responsibilities.

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American Diary

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Kennedy's success in getting a sensible western case printed and discussed in *Izvestia* has made a crack in the Iron Curtain. It should be chalked up, along with his recent speeches in the Far West, as proof that he is not only the best American President we have, but as good a one as we can expect. He began something like a revolution in American thought when he said that there is not an 'American solution' for every problem. He seems to have begun a systematic campaign to explain to Americans that the US is only one cock in the farmyard and that foreign policy is not an affair of peace punctuated by series of compromises. These things need to be authoritatively stated in every part of the US every week. Madison Avenue knows that the art of persuasion is the art of repetition.

* * *

I do not yet despair of hearing Kennedy say that Strauss and Krupp are at least as dangerous as Krushchev, or that among the various causes Americans should not be asked to die for, the highest priority should be not dying for the reunification of Germany. In Washington, the other day, he seems to have made this last point to Adenauer, and negotiations over Berlin are now held up by de Gaulle upon whose adamantine chest Macmillan appears to have beaten in vain. De Gaulle likes to be a stumbling block. He enjoys the sensation of Kennedy, Macmillan and Adenauer all falling over his feet. Query, can Kennedy and Macmillan at Bermuda find a way of stepping on them so hard that he has to move?

* * *

The President again was wholly right in neglecting the advice of those who object to attacking the 'Radical Right' on the ground that one ought not to advertise the lunatic fringe. The numerous semi-fascist groups, of which the John Birch Society is only one, are potentially dangerous. Americans should be made ashamed of allowing 'minute men' to arm themselves as a new kind of KKK, ready to suppress everyone's liberties under the pretence of combating a non-existent Communist menace. They have surely had enough experience of these tactics; Huey Long was murdered when he began to look dangerous, but the ghost of McCarthy is not yet laid. The most disturbing recent example of the influence of these extremists is the formation of a 'Christian Anti-Communist Crusade' which, like so many subversive movements, is born in Southern California. It threatens to establish itself in many states. It is beyond a joke when a man like D. C. Jackson, who is nowadays at the head of the *Time-Life* group, takes a plane to Los Angeles and humbly apologises before a vast gathering of 'Christian anti-Communists' for having 'misinterpreted' their leader, Mr Schwartz, and then arranges for *Time-Life's* submission to be displayed on TV in New York. California is unlucky in having no really informative newspaper, and it is good that the *New York Times*, the most informative (as well as the most verbose) newspaper in the world, is soon to have a Los Angeles edition.

* * *

A Negro taxi-driver – they are about half and half coloured and white, men and women taxi-drivers in Washington – talked to me wistfully about the Washington he remembered as a boy. He described it as a quiet, old-fashioned southern town, which is very much as I recall it when I arrived there as a student with an introduction to Mr Justice Holmes nearly 40 years ago. My taxi-driver admitted that coloured people now had better houses and living standards. He also seemed to appreciate the old-time beauties of Georgetown, which white people have preserved as one of the most agreeable residential districts in the world. Today Washington is a huge modern city, distinguished from other American cities by its trees, orange and red in the autumn sunshine, by its marble public buildings, more extravagant in our day than those of Athens in the time of Pericles, and – by its exhausting concentration on politics. It also contains more facilities for government, politicians, civil servants and journalists than any other city in the world. They drive down in a solid phalanx of cars in the morning, leave their offices to eat together at lunch, drive back in a jam at night, only to meet each other again to discuss the day's gossip at cocktails and dinner. Psychologically it would be interesting to compare Washington with other artificial cities devoted wholly to government – Canberra, New Delhi, Chandigarh, Ankara and Brasilia. It is a tense city, notably short of the normal opportunities of fun and relaxation. It now has two theatres. The Arena has opened the season with a superb production of Brecht's *Caucasian Chalk Circle* in a fine new building. It must be a success in a great town where thoughtful people are hungry for nonconformist drama.

* * *

In Washington, 54 per cent of the population is coloured. But the percentage of coloured children in the public schools is 83 per cent. This means that white people who can afford it send their children to private segregated schools. There are highly educated coloured people in Washington – at Howard University for instance – but you are not likely to meet them at cocktails or parties with your white friends. The communities, in short, are separated, not by law but rather by habit. They meet all day in the ordinary way in offices, shops, and public transport, but the habit of social segregation remains strong. This is a surprise to many English people who seem to believe that the racial question in the US has somehow been solved by the victory at Little Rock.

* * *

To realise what an uphill fight still lies before Negroes in the Deep South, one must study the latest of a series of reports issued by the Commission on Civil Rights. These reports are immensely valuable because they are readable. The facts in them are, theoretically, available elsewhere, buried in the millions of words in state or federal hearings. The Commission's new report deals especially with police brutality towards Negroes. It gives chapter and verse for a few cases chosen, it says, out of many, where coloured people have been beaten to unconsciousness and sometimes to death because they have tried to vote or use some other constitutional right. Though lynching has stopped, the Commission sees no diminution in police brutality in states like Mississippi. These beatings are by way of 'extra punishment' or intimidation; they are to stop Negroes being 'uppity'. Negroes are helpless if attacked because the police will not protect them against white assailants, nor will juries convict in face of the most flagrant evidence. The facts given are shocking; if reported from Russia or the Congo they would make headlines in every newspaper. The Commission sees industrialisation in the South as the long-term remedy, but suggests that the President can use his influence more effectively, and that the Attorney General should be given power to stop state officials packing juries.

* * *

Denigrating squibs against the President are to be expected of an administration that promises reform. If the President seriously tackles, as he now must, the problem of tariffs, or tries to subsidise public schools without paying Danegeld to Catholic education (which he will find it hard to do), one may expect the personal attacks to get fiercer and nastier. One piece of dubious wit that came into my hands was an ironic invitation to subscribe to a statue to Kennedy. It suggested it would be unsuitable 'to place it beside that of George Washington who never told a lie, nor beside that of Franklin D. Roosevelt who never told the truth, since JFK could never tell the difference.' It continued, 'after careful consideration we think it should be placed beside the statue of Christopher Columbus, the greatest new dealer of them all, in that he started, not knowing where he was going, and on arrival did not know where he was, and in returning did not know where he had been, and did it all on borrowed money.' Foreigners like myself, and some Americans who showed this to me, thought it funny though wicked. It was symptomatic that Democrats, to whom I showed it, were reminded of scabrous attacks on Roosevelt; they found it merely disgusting. Another joke, that I personally found less funny, referred to the Kennedy dynasty. Two terms for Jack Kennedy (elected 1960), followed by two for his brother Bobby, now A.G., and two for his third brother, Teddy, now entering politics, would mean 24 years of Kennedy rule and would 'bring America to 1984'. A silly joke really, because the world trend to an Orwellian future is not of Kennedy's making.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

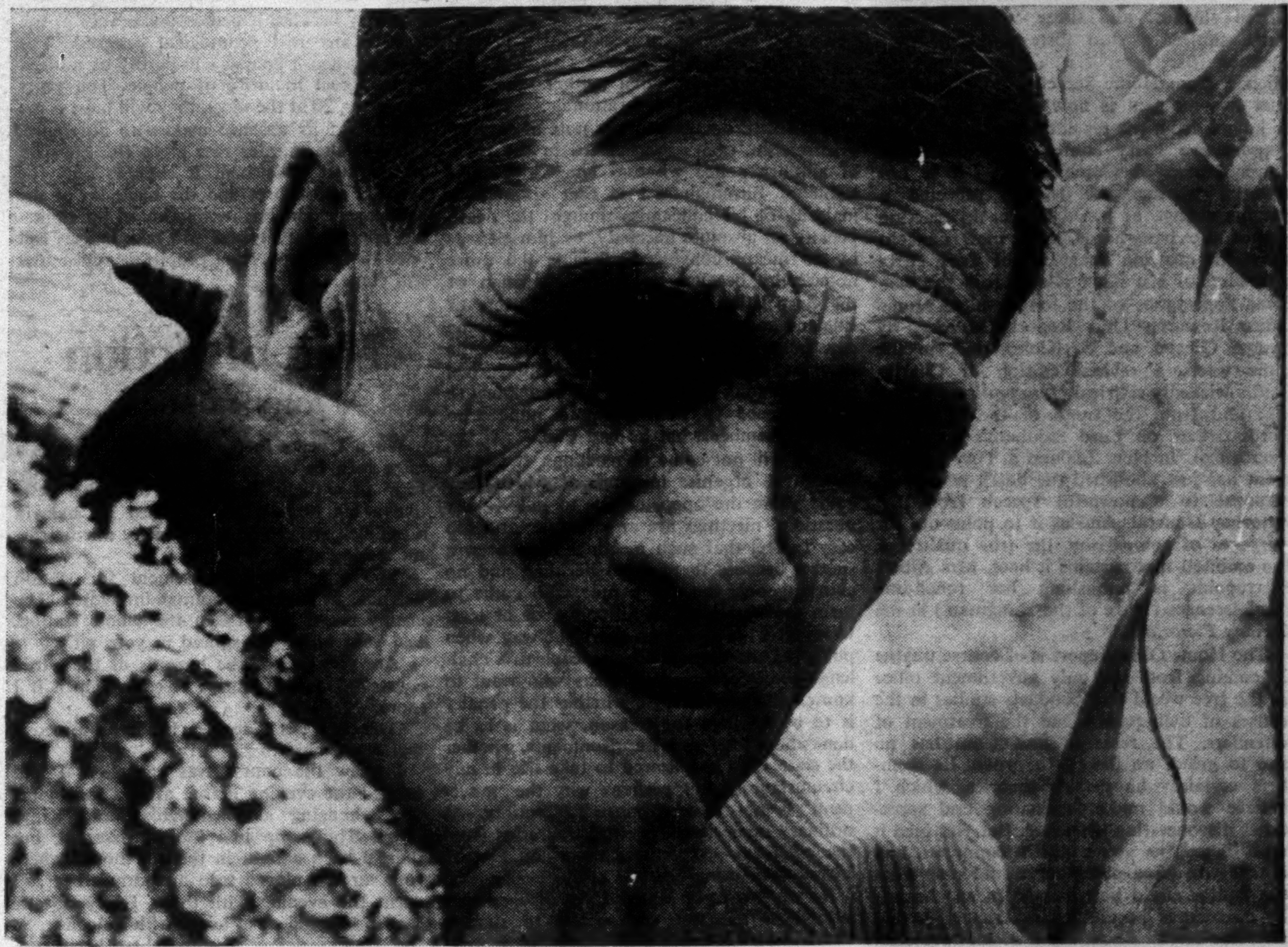
Would the Good Thief have attained eternal life, had he not been caught and executed? – Letter in *Catholic Herald*. (O. A. Walsh.)

All attempts by council workmen to lay a sewer across a garden at South Cerney, Gloucestershire, today were foiled by a 77-year-old widower. Waving a 2 ft bayonet attached to an ancient rifle barrel, Mr Richard Stait, of School Lane, stood in the path of an excavator in his back garden until the men left. 'I defied the Kaiser for three years,' he said, 'and I am not going to run from this lot.' – *The Times*. (C. T. Allmand.)

One of Britain's three assistant hangmen, Mr Raymond Humphries, of Stoke-upon-Trent, has lost the post. He is a speedway rider and the Home Office has dismissed him following a recent incident at a speedway meeting in Stoke. A gallows was erected beside the track and an effigy of the visiting team's captain was hanged from it. – *Observer*. (P. W. Peck.)

A 23-years-old miner, Walter Noonan, 54, Watery Lane, was fined £1 at St Helens Magistrates' Court yesterday, for riding a bicycle not equipped with two independent braking systems. Said Mrs R. Houghton (chairman): 'Because of Noonan's filthy expression, he will be fined £1.' – *St Helens Reporter*. (Paul A. Higham.)

THIS IS JOHN CHRISTIAN



John Christian, Chief Magistrate of Pitcairn. He wrote the letter.

THIS IS JOHN CHRISTIAN. Direct descendant of Fletcher Christian. Fletcher Christian, acting mate of His Majesty's Armed Vessel 'Bounty,' the most famous mutineer in the world. Christian of Pitcairn.

And this man is Christian of Pitcairn, too, Chief Magistrate of the Pitcairn Islands, that remote mutiny-inspired settlement lost in the mid-immensity of the vast Pacific Ocean.

Today, Pitcairn is a peaceful place. A place of sun and sea and easy living. But still a place not without its problems.

CHRISTIAN WRITES A LETTER

Which is why, on Sunday, 20th November, 1960, John Christian sits down to write a letter. A letter on behalf of each of Pitcairn's 126 inhabitants.

A letter to British Petroleum in London. 'Fuel supplies on the Island are far from satisfactory,' he says.

'Will your company give consideration to this problem? Could your ships bring our year's supply?'

It's not a large supply. About £300 worth in fact.

But British Petroleum believes that people, and their problems, matter.

ATTENTION BRITISH CURLEW

So, the 15,000 ton BP Tanker *British Curlew* is diverted from the regular New Zealand run. She anchors off Bounty Bay. And through heavy surf, whale boats ferry ashore the 10 and 12½ gallon drums of Pitcairn's fuel supplies. Paraffin for lighting; Diesel for the Island's generating plant; petrol; Energol lubricating oils.

Thanks to BP the Island is re-fuelled again.

BRITISH PETROLEUM BP

The drums of BP products come ashore.

Christian fills his paraffin lamp. Thanks to BP.

The Last Twist of the Rope

C. H. ROLPH

The time is bound to come when those still in favour of hanging will be reduced at last to two groups, neither of them further reducible: those who will always spurn facts and have fenced themselves round with inherited slogans, and those who shun the whole subject as too distasteful for their attention (for these, it is a matter for paid officials, from Home Secretary to hangman). That this moment is now approaching may be judged from the resolutions passed by the Conservative Party conference and by the Lower House of Convocation – it is immaterial whether the former reflected a genuine change of heart, a pent-up reaction against the hang-hards, or a new concern about the growing image of the Tory Party as a kind of Ku Klux Klan; from the welcome appearance of the long-awaited Home Office Research Unit Report (*Murder*, by Evelyn Gibson and S. Klein), and, in the same week, a revised edition of Charles Duff's wickedly satirical *Handbook on Hanging*; and from the trend of the House of Lords debate on Lord Stonham's motion a month ago. In New Zealand a Tory government has just abolished the death penalty in response to a powerful speech from the Attorney General. And as if to point up, for purposes of comparison, the true quality of the emotion that sustains it here, Mrs Albert Pierrepoint is publishing her touch-line reminiscences ('Wife of the Hangman') in the *Sunday Pictorial*.

The Home Office report is of course unique in coming from the only government office in the free world that conducts studies in the causes of delinquency and the treatment of offenders. The research unit team has no axe to grind, no theory to prove. Its members certainly have their theories, which I believe would make fascinating and sometimes disconcerting literature. But you feed it with figures, as you would a computer, and it tells you (as a computer would not) what the figures could be taken to mean. Among its disclosures in the present report is that after the Homicide Act of 1957 had provided the death penalty for all murders done in the course or furtherance of theft, that kind of murder went up from six to 12 a year; and that these were all murders done by professional criminals, the very kind whom the new act was intended – and by some people actually expected – to deter. (In the Lords' debate the Lord Chancellor remarked that convicted criminals had done 79 per cent of the capital murders but only 55 per cent of the non-capital ones, and he seemed to think that the Act was thus fulfilling the intention of parliament.)

The Home Office report will be an important milestone on the road to eventual abolition, but only its impact on politicians can now have much importance. The two large remaining groups of anti-abolitionists, the fact-haters and the fact-blind, will disregard it totally. They are frighteningly numerous and at the polls they are a deadweight. How can they be reached?

Human nature being what it is, they are readily accessible to the kind of opinion expressed in the BBC television documentary (*Capital Punishment*, 24 October) by the Commissioner of Police in Chicago. He said in effect that the death penalty might on one view be morally wrong but that it was a comfort to policemen. The fact that more than 300 Chicago policemen have been murdered (most of them shot) in the last 50 years nourishes the desire to kill murderers, not a desire to control firearms or to try some alternative to the death penalty as a protection for policemen. It amounts to a special need, a state of mind that neither seeks nor understands any kind of rationale.

In the BBC documentary, a note of enquiry – scepticism, even – was heard in the voice of another police witness. The Chief Constable of Birmingham said that although a majority of his colleagues thought the death penalty an absolute necessity, he himself was by no means convinced. This is the more noteworthy because he is the chairman of the Association of Chief Police Officers of England and Wales and was thus under some constraint. But the very next morning, in the course of a personal (and I hope unobtrusive) canvass among retentionists whom I knew to have listened to him, I found none who could remember what he had said.

They will not come to meetings. It is easy enough to organise meetings at which they could share the opportunities to talk – 'any questions' meetings are an example; and too easy to feel that such meetings have been a success because there is no heckling and no chucking out. But the people who come to them are nearly all abolitionists, or at least waverers who would go the right way when put to it; and the nearest approach to a challenge comes from abolitionists who want to know, naturally enough, whether the penalty is to be retained for treason, what is to be done about long-term imprisonments, whether the state is to be allowed to take life in *any* circumstances, and perhaps why the 'movement' is not moving more perceptibly. At ordinary open meetings, with addresses from the platform, even the League of Empire Loyalists is losing heart.

So what is to be done? Civil disobedience campaigns are not appropriate to such a cause. There is much guilt-laden public sympathy for the sit-down demonstrations organised by the Committee of 100, but it is based on a profound and universal state of worry, which in this country has not yet reached the borders of panic. Every thinking person, when he detaches his mind from its daily preoccupations and looks at the nuclear arms race, is appalled at the drift of events. Unilateralist or not, he may passively approve of any step that will keep the issue urgently alive. But similar demonstrations in the cause of abolishing the death penalty would, by contrast, be seen to be the behaviour of cranks. They would put the clock back irremediably and so would any other civil disobedience technique. In the abolitionist movement there are those who report, with their ears to the ground, that there is at this moment a surge of sympathy among the non-committed. With a big enough effort, it is believed, the death penalty could be got rid of in the life of the present parliament. Even if this is wrong, another Tory government might flout its diehards – a dwindling and ill-informed lot anyway – at long last. A Labour victory, of course, would make abolition an early certainty.

If there is indeed a residue of public opinion which is still educable, it should be given an opportunity to read the report of the Home Office Research Unit in a simplified form; for in this matter, and for such people, it is the voice of the government that is the *vox dei*. Every year that now passes, it seems to me, makes abolition at once more likely and more difficult, an operation more drastic but more than ever necessary; drastic because the need for hanging has so often been reasserted by laissez-faire governments, necessary because it stands inexorably in the way of any real penological progress. The change, when it comes, will hardly be noticed by the great majority of people. Ten years thereafter, 20 at the most, they will have come to see that its absence makes no difference, either to the murder rate or to the life-span of unarmed policemen. It changes only the national self-respect and the make-up of the newspapers. The final extinction of the righteous appetite for revenge will take longer. But once the atmosphere is propitious, even that will come.

Man of Action

JOHN MORGAN

When I woke in the morning there was a huge man in the room, dressing in the uniform of a flight lieutenant. He had a belly like a big boulder. He combed his hair in a middle-parting and in the dirty mirror saw me staring at him.

'You're a bad advertisement for station defence,' he said in a commanding voice. 'The enemy could have taken the whole station, and you, while you snored in your pit.'

'Are you one of the hazards of the battle course?' I asked, sourly: 'I can't help it if I snore.'

'The course is cancelled. I tell you someone will pay for this.'

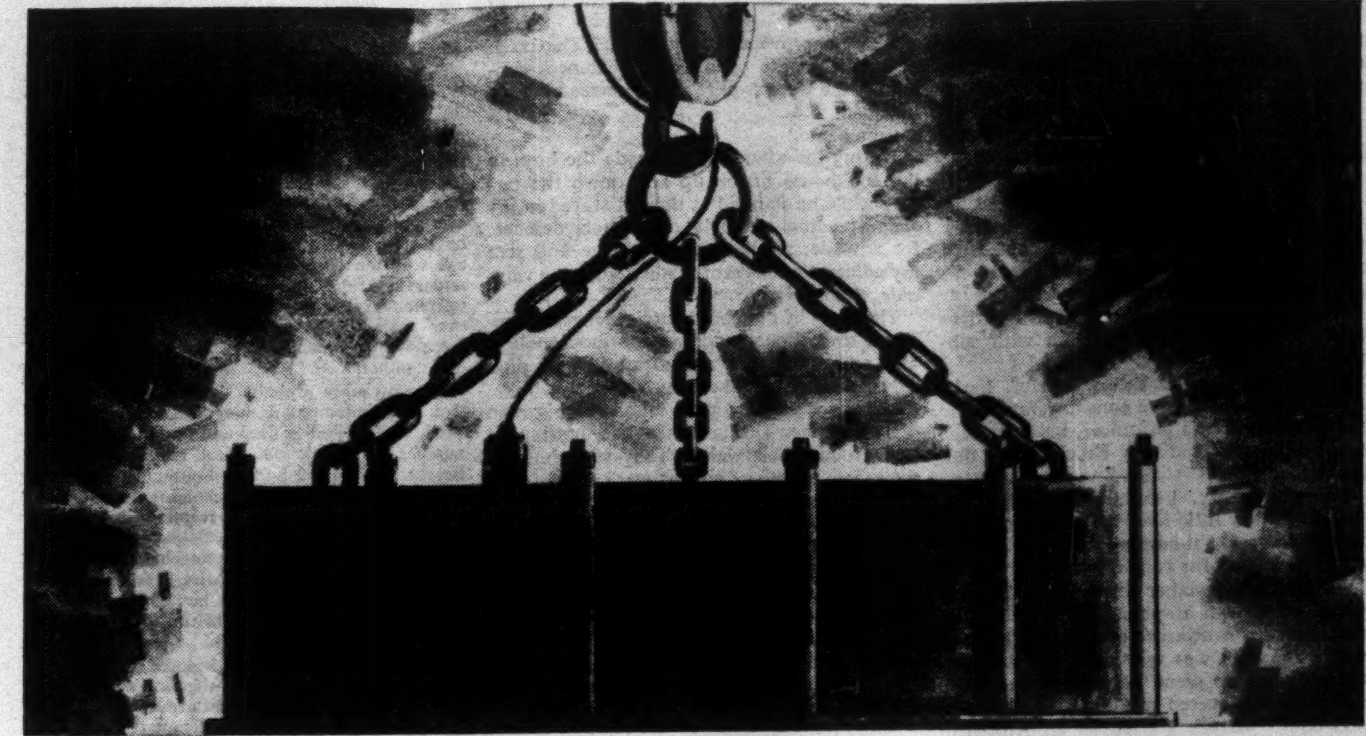
I knew the course was cancelled. I had arrived the evening before after a long journey, changing at Birmingham and Kings Lynn. The camp had looked deserted, but there'd been a light in the cookhouse where four airmen played solo and drank beer. I spent the evening with them. Everyone else was in hospital or at home with influenza. So the station defence course had been cancelled, hadn't I heard? Telegrams had been sent. I wondered who had lost it at our unit, suspecting that the adjutant had hidden it from me. It was only a fortnight since I had forgotten to tell him his leave had been extended. Life was one big joke back at the camp. So I lay in bed peering at this enormous man whose telegram had also been mislaid and speculated on what precise form *his* inadequacies took that he could be spared from his duties for this absurd course.

'See you,' I said.

'Since we're here, may as well do what we came for,' he replied, marching out of the room firmly so that the dirty brown chest of drawers, the narrow beds, the faded wardrobe danced on the nissen hut floor.

The two of us ate breakfast off a table decorated with oilcloth and paper chinese lanterns in two jam-jars, served by half-asleep and properly surly airmen. Through a window I could see a corporal run slowly across the tarmac towards a hangar. I could just see him past the big man's face, which otherwise filled my view.

'Found a book in the room last night,' he began. 'Maugham. Story there about a frightful little bastard. Intellectual, artist sort of



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chap. Had this station up river, out east. Rising up river. Does he go off and shoot them up? Does he my backside. Sends for reserves. Reserves for a handful of blacks, squire!'

He cut a sausage in half, pierced the halves with a fork and closed his mouth about both. He drank half a cup of coffee in one sip.

'Of course . . .,'

I noticed that the sausage had vanished.

'Of course, when they got up river there were no more blacks there than one man could have handled with a hand behind his back. It makes you sick, eh, squire?'

'What if there'd been thousands of natives around the bend in the river all with submachine guns?'

'Gutless intellectuals. Yellow bastard. In the first place he should have gone anyway. In the second place, if he's an officer, his instinct is to know. Thank God they chucked him out. Blackballed him.'

'It's only a story,' I said.

'Dark Bolshy little lives they lead here too, squire,' he said, thumping his fist on the table and calling for coffee.

We marched together towards the hangars across overgrown dispersal areas. The flat land curved downwards towards the horizon so that the light was very tiring on the eyes. But the desolate scene heightened the sense of waste and cheered me up.

'H-bomb patrol', I cried in an American accent as a B52 suddenly roared into the sky trailing black smoke.

'Nato, not SAC, so it wouldn't have a bomb, squire.'

'The exhaust is black, old bloke,' I retorted, 'because they launch on almost pure paraffin,' but he didn't hear me for the roar of the machine.

We collected a .303 and a Colt apiece from the corporal. My colleague shouted at him about what his game was and about scruff order and then we went to the butts and expended large sums of public money. I fired at a conventional target but the big man discovered a replica of a human form.

'More sense of purpose, squire.'

'What makes all this such a bad show,' he continued, 'is that I was on an important case. Queers, and not just queers. Queers who'd been after the Mess funds.'

'Not the Mess funds!'

'Sergeants' Mess.'

'I would *never* have suspected you were a policeman.'

'That's how we like it.'

I speculated again about why this man had been sent on this course: in what way was he a bad policeman? Why had his adjutant not shown *him* the cancellation telegram?

'You're aiming too high, squire.' I had emptied a magazine into the tin sheets above the targets. 'Aim at the guts, hit them in the chest as my old corporal used to say. Bloody good thing we've got the bomb with you about.'

'It's trying to snow,' I said as the sky grew grey and heavy and we marched across the airfield to the rifle range. It didn't need to try very hard. We were at the edge of that part of East Anglia that looks like a city's allotment gardens, wired and tatty. I had to wear my spectacles to see the target and when the snow fell I could see nothing.

'No point in firing at what you can't see, I always say,' I said, lighting a cigarette.

'Let the rot set in and down goes the ship.'

I fired away, unable to see the target, whistling as I fired. The experience seemed the perfect consummation of the military life: performing totally useless acts in alien company in the fresh air. I kept my thoughts to myself.

'Can't improve on it, squire, eh? The crack of a rifle in the open field.' Sentences containing the word 'squire' clearly were amiably intended.

'In a sense.'

During the afternoon he made the boys in the cookhouse march up and down the tarmac while he shouted at them. I stayed in my room reading manuals on station defence, for a while; strolled to the village and sent my adjutant a telegram reading: *Course valuable. Returning next week.*

The boys in the cookhouse revenged themselves over dinner and the enormous policeman and myself drove to a pub lit with pink lights, advertising pheasant.

'What's it to be, girls?' asked the big man of two women sitting at the bar, putting an arm around their waists. They were both in their late thirties, which was out of my weight. They laughed with him from the beginning: he was a great success. 'Duty calls,' I said when they organised the party. 'Inspecting the picket.' So I walked through the snow to the camp meditating on the nature of the man of action. The nissen hut shook when he got back, smelling of face powder. He stood, statuesque, in the middle of the room like a man scenting the enemy in the dark undergrowth.

'Hear a noise, squire?'

'No, I always wake at this time.'

'There's a mouse in that chest of drawers.'

'It's the wood settling down for the winter.'

'It's a mouse, squire. I know these things.'

He was right. It was a mouse.

'It doesn't matter,' I suggested.

'Matter? Matter? Everything matters. Today it may be a mouse. But what will it be next?'

He switched on a light which dimly illuminated the room. He leaned towards me, obscuring the light, for which I was glad.

'What if it was a rising up-river, eh, squire? What about that? Would that matter?'

'There is a qualitative difference between a rising up-river and a mouse,' I said.

He advanced on the chest of drawers like an all-in wrestler. First he grasped the handles of the top drawer, pulled out the drawer and drove it back in. With the second drawer the pace of his movements increased. With the third he behaved like an hysterical prisoner shaking the bars of his cell. There was a small, scurrying noise inside the chest of drawers, a squeak, then silence.

'Hit quick, hit hard', said the big policeman. He lay on his bed, breathing heavily. I swore at him, very, very quietly. 'Bloody good party, squire', he said. 'How was the picket?'

'Fighting fit.'

He roared with laughter, his bed trembling. Looked at from his point of view it had, I suppose, been a good day: a story read, a morning's shooting, a little discipline instilled into dark minds, a woman and, unexpectedly, a chance to demonstrate powers of decision and action. When I woke in the morning he was gone. I thought the better of the RAF afterwards for concealing his cancellation telegram, if they had, or at least for sending him on the course. Down at the cookhouse there was a telegram for me. It was from my adjutant. *Return at once. Station undefended. In mortal peril.* It was time, I thought, to be a man of action, so I went to London and stayed with friends for two days, but called at the ministry to collect some secret material, in case I didn't look the part, in case the long joke had worn thin.

Correspondence

SMART-SET SOCIALISTS

SIR, – Many of us will have realised that the vituperations and insults to which Miss Doris Lessing was subjected were not evoked by the fact of one Socialist criticising another – whatever her infuriated correspondents may actually have said. If this were the case we might well ask why the postmen have not been staggering under sackfulls of poison-pen letters and the telephone wires sizzling with anonymous abuse ever since the last general election. It is not unknown for contemporary Socialists to criticise one another.

It seems more probable that the snobbish content and contemptuous language of her letter – 'wet', 'sentimental' – riled and humiliated a large number of people who feel grateful to John Berger. During these talks thousands of viewers must have felt themselves becoming less wooden, less insensitive, gladly accepting his warm invitation to enter the over-intellectualised world of art – their humanity guaranteeing their admission. And what happens? Miss Lessing, playing the urchin-intellectual, with her contrived blend of prole-cult and highbrowism, gets out her catapult to shoot them down.

When people have been induced to unclench their feelings, to expose themselves to love, nothing is more calculated to arouse their loathing than the humiliating contempt of more fortunate people occupying attractive leaseholds on Mount Parnassus. Perhaps this may account for the anonymous phone calls and the dirtied piece of lavatory paper.

F. C. G. BRADLEY

5 Cheyne Place
SW3

SIR, – It is interesting to note the following in an art review in Friday's *Guardian*: '. . . the danger of such lavish picture books being widely regarded as substitutes for seeing the paintings themselves, which are in over 20 of Europe's galleries. As an indication of what is to be seen in the great galleries, this book whets the appetite.' There are doubtless many readers of the *Guardian* who are in a position to be able to satiate their appetites, but how many others are there who cannot? When we extend this to the non-readers of the *Guardian* who obtain enjoyment from the vast selection of art reproductions to be found in the bookshops, the point becomes even clearer.

I am not suggesting that the writer of this review is not perfectly correct – books are not to be compared with the real thing – but is this not symptomatic of the subtlety of the intellectual snobbery which can afflict the man who thinks himself sensitive to the arts in general? All strength to the arm of Doris Lessing for her admirable article on the smart-set Socialists, but does she not ignore the fact that this particular type of intellectual snobbery is something to which the Socialist is particularly vulnerable – and there is little that he can do about it? Even for the Socialist, and we must say it in a hushed voice, there is something satisfying in being a member of the enlightened few. I should be most grateful if Miss Lessing could suggest a way out of this dilemma, for I have not yet found it.

CHRISTOPHER FASSNIDGE

45 Denmark Road
Kilburn, NW6

SIR, – Why should Doris Lessing, a good Socialist novelist, lower her standards by writing for the press, and by appearing on one of the most brainless of TV programmes, the BBC Brains Trust (now mercifully ended)?

ABU ABRAHAM

29 Abercorn Place
NW8

she can't have one without the other

Most people want the comfort of modern amenities—but few like the towers that bring the power to work them. What's the answer? Return to lamplight, peat fires and the washing tub? Bury the power lines and do away with the towers altogether? Attractive idea—just possible too, but at 17 times the cost—with its inevitable effect on your electricity bill. For the foreseeable future, transmission towers must stay. But they cannot be planted just anywhere. An Act of Parliament charges the Central Electricity Generating Board with a double duty: to provide an efficient and economical electricity supply, while preserving visual amenity as far as possible. Power lines are planned with forethought—by men who are as anxious as you are to keep this land green, pleasant . . . and up-to-date.

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Write for a copy of "Preserving Amenities" to The Central Electricity Generating Board, 58 Winsley Street, London, W.1.

GHANA'S CRISIS

Sir, – I wonder what was the reaction of most of your readers to the article 'Ghana's Crisis'? Nkrumah, so your contributor states, is 'perhaps the only man completely trusted by the nation'. A day after this appears in print, we learn that the students at Ghana's two universities are being severely censured by the government for their 'disrespect for President Nkrumah'. They had even objected to one of these universities being named after him.

Then, says your article, when things were tense after the recent strike, the Opposition was encouraged 'to play for party advantage'. How nasty of them to resort to such behaviour, a thing no respectable Opposition anywhere else would ever dream of doing. What is more, 'to avoid the danger that the Opposition would capitalise on the unrest' its leaders were detained. The writer, so it seems, thinks it was quite right to detain them for their intolerable conduct. But anyhow, if I follow the argument correctly, Ghanaians don't care about the rule of law, 'they expect a government to act toughly towards its opponents'. Africans, presumably, are quite unfit for democracy. Yet Nkrumah doesn't really want to act toughly. 'At heart he is an old-fashioned Socialist, who stands for . . . equality, justice and humanism'. On the other hand, your writer concludes, there is really no place for justice and humanism in Ghana, which has to create a stable economic kingdom, which is irreconcilable with individual liberty. So we must all weep tears for poor Nkrumah, but never a tear for the hundreds – or is it thousands? – who lie, untried and for indefinite periods, in Nkrumah's jails, in spite of being part of the nation which 'completely trusts' him.

May I echo the question which Doris Lessing asks on another page of the same issue: 'Why are we so reluctant to say that Nkrumah is currently betraying the ideals he has stood for?' Why?

Rita Hinden

20 West Heath Drive
NW11

SCHOLARS AT WAR

Sir, – A brief answer to some inaccuracies of a personal nature in Professor Palmer's letter. Our collaboration began on 2 July 1960, when he handed me a 'copy of his material'. This was the day before his *Observer* article of which he preferred to tell me nothing before committing me to the collaboration. His 'material' was a selection – I would now say a tendentious selection – of passages from less than half the relevant notebooks, which up to a year before had been in my care as a member of the staff of the Ashmolean Museum and which I had shown him. I am sorry that I did not turn out to be the archaeologist yes-man he was looking for, and that, although I started with an under-informed prejudice in his favour, I allowed myself to be persuaded by the evidence.

For the rest I would only say that he is taking very full advantage of his privilege in making allegations about the documents before publishing them in full. *Nullius in verba* is one of his own favourite mottos. 'Fortunately we have the day-to-day records.' Add that we have also a mass of relevant archaeological evidence, the result of 60 years' research. When new and old are fully set out for scholars we shall see who comes out of the affair the better. My money is on Evans.

J. Boardman

Ashmolean Museum
Oxford

PAPER SCIENCE

Sir, – Mr Nigel Calder is seriously wrong in his criticisms of research workers and scientific publications. If we adopted his proposal of throwing the results of the research he cannot appreciate into the dustbin progress would be much slower. No doubt many scientists write badly and plan their work inefficiently, but the situation is not as gloomy as he suggests.

Surely Mr Calder realises that most research is repetitive, painstaking and tedious. But this sort of work must be done, and its results must be made available to others; it is done in the hope and faith that someone, if not the worker himself then someone else luckier or more gifted, will combine all the apparently dull and pointless results of many workers into some exciting and important conclusion.

The most uninteresting papers are those describing unsuccessful experiments and negative results. Most scientists hate writing these papers, but it is their duty to do so to save their colleagues from wasting their time in blind alleys. If Mr Calder encourages editors, already reluctant to accept this type of paper, to refuse articles unless they describe positive advances, he will be doing serious damage to science.

However, scientific communication is far from perfect. We must before long devise a means by which many more papers, containing fuller details of experiments and techniques, are distributed far more selectively, among specialists actively engaged in research in particular fields. These will not be intended to strike sparks in any journalist who turns over their pages, but as tools to help working scientists make the sort of advances everyone can appreciate.

Communication between scientists and non-scientists is a different matter, which requires much more study. Specialist journals cannot and should not play a major part in this process, if they are to continue to serve the specialists for whom they are intended.

Kenneth Mellanby

The Athenaeum
SW1

Sir, – In his Science Notebook Nigel Calder seems bent upon perpetuating the very evils of publication mania among scientists that he sets out to criticise. During the last half century there has been not only a great increase in the number of persons engaged upon scientific and technical research but also an even more rapid increase in the number of laboratories and other institutions at which such work is carried on; and this work is spreading across the whole world, instead of being confined to a few localities in one or two continents. At the turn of the century it was often possible for a scientist to amble across the quad to obtain a second opinion on some point or to air a half-baked idea in order to obtain another's views regarding its merits. Today this is rarely possible. The proliferation of specialities means that the number of peers in one place is very limited, and in any case, although there may be more practitioners of one speciality there than before, these are very often to be found working in a team, and therefore sharing the same prejudices, points of view, etc., by virtue of their close association. So the only adequate source of stimuli and criticism for many workers is some thousands of miles away.

The mechanics of communicating half-baked ideas for assessment and criticism are now complex; at the very least one must write a letter instead of having an evening's chat, and in any case few workers have any useful idea of how many other people are working in their field – the whole edifice of research is too large and complicated. So once one has set one's ideas on paper one might as well seek to get them published, and if successful one can then hope for some constructive criticism from an unexpected quarter.

But instead of accepting the idea of working papers and of the interchange of tentative conclusions, Calder would still see us tied to an idea of publication that implies that every paper should be a polished monument, a rare, rounded nugget of Truth, fit for worship by awed cohorts of students. As long as such ideas have any currency, so long, of course, will 'a paper a year' remain the minimum status symbol of the scientific community, and publication will have a social rather than scientific significance. Let us try to arrive at an easy interchange of tentative ideas. No idea has yet sprung up full baked, and none has suffered from public airing.

H. D. Baecker

67 Tarnwood Park
Court Road, SE9

IMMIGRATION BILL

Sir, – The National Association of Labour Student Organisations (NALSO) proposes to hold a Mass Lobby at the House of Commons on Tuesday 12 December from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. to call upon MPs to reject the Immigration Bill when it comes up for its second reading. We urge all Labour students, Young Socialists and young people of whatever political persuasion who believe this bill to be a pernicious piece of colour bar legislation to join us during that afternoon. Many universities have already organised protests against discrimination in their own towns, but we feel that a co-ordinated cam-

mass resistance

Contact

Wethersfield NATO, Ruislip USAF bases – **Committee of 100** 13 Goodwin St London N 4
Brize Norton – 22 Waterperry
Cardiff – Morel Buildings Stuart St Pier Head
Bristol – 9 Cornwallis Crescent Bristol 8
York – Brook House Farlington
Manchester – 140 Upper Parliament St Liverpool 8

9 December 1961

paign is absolutely vital. We hope that this Lobby will be the start of such a campaign which will attack not only racial discrimination but also the social inequalities and injustices which lie behind it.

RALPH GRILLO
Chairman

King's College
Cambridge

COMING OUT WORSE

SIR. – Mr St John shows that reconviction rates for first offenders put on probation and sent to prison are almost identical, and he then suggests some possible reasons why the percentage imprisoned has risen so markedly.

In effect Mr St John makes a strong case for the thorough overhaul of the whole administration of magistrates courts, and this case is strengthened by the astonishing variations in behaviour between one court and another. Whereas one court is subject to strong police influence another is reasonably independent. In one county or borough the prisoner is bullied, half-starved, cajoled, threatened, and interrogated to the point of collapse by the police and pressed to plead guilty, with the virtual promise that he will be put on probation or at the worst given a very light sentence. In another county or borough the police behave with scrupulous fairness and stick to the rule that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty.

So pronounced are these variations that solicitors have shown me a list of places where the prisoner should resist to the last all inducements and threats, and should insist on appearing at Sessions, in spite of the delay, rather than 'get it over and done with like a sensible chap to avoid publicity and suffering for the wife and family'.

But what are the ultimate effects of putting a man on probation as opposed to sending him to gaol? In the first case the man has a powerful, experienced, and sympathetic friend who will do all he can to find him a job and help him keep it. And this friend, the Probation Officer, will advise on domestic problems and on any difficulties that may arise with government departments such as the National Assistance Board and the Pensions Office.

How different is the fate of the ex-prisoner. He has been subjected to the squalor, frustration, bestiality, and sadism of prison life, so that it has seared into his soul. He can never forget his experience. He may never forgive the anonymous avenging giant. He emerges as a psychological problem more difficult to cope with than when he was led in handcuffs to the prison gates. He is turned loose with a few shillings provided by charity and a note to the National Assistance Board. His treatment there is anybody's guess.

In my own case the Welfare Officer at the prison laid on accommodation for me through a charitable organisation. It consisted of bed and breakfast, and the cost was 12s 6d weekly more than the total allowed by the NAB. I could have been arrested for fraud. Luckily I was taken ill and removed to hospital.

During the following five weeks my protein deficiency was put right, I regained 5 lbs of the 16 lbs I had lost, my teeth were filled, and my damaged left arm treated. Still more important, I was given the chance to sleep in peace, to clear my mind, and to enjoy the company of the staff and the other patients. But do prisons exist to provide work for hospitals, or is Parkinson's Law now universally accepted?

On my discharge the NAB urged me to enter a hostel, pointing out that I was over 45 and not much use. I refused. I found a room with a gas ring and as my time was spent partly in cooking and washing up, instead of looking for work, my allowance rose miraculously by 15s a week.

A visitor from the Pensions Office required my signature to a disclaimer for 'benefits', and added that in the circumstances the Ministry would not prosecute me for failure to stamp my card.

After hearing the details of my commonplace 'crime' the two clerks at the Employment Exchange advised me in hushed tones to go to London 'where nobody would be any the wiser'. They did not vouchsafe who would pay my fare or where I would find accommodation within the price orbit of the NAB. I became a chauffeur for three weeks, but my employer died and that was that.

If my experience is typical it is indeed remarkable that those imprisoned are not more unruly than those put on probation, for the absence of after-care, the attitude of officials, and the pharisee-like behaviour of potential employers, emphatically those whose names adorn the literature of the ex-prisoners organisations, are an incitement to the perpetration of crimes that never entered the head of the victim before he went to gaol.

K. P. O'DONNELL

London, SW3

VINTAGE CAR CULT

SIR, – I am grateful to Reyner Banham for excluding John Stanford and me from the accusation of cultism. I agree too with a good deal of what he says about the cult of old cars; but I think he really takes the whole business much too seriously.

So far as old cars are concerned, it is of course true that quite a lot of rather tiresome people practise the 'cult' for a variety of unsuitable reasons. But it is only a very small minority who now maintain that old cars are 'better' than modern ones. The fact is that they are neither better nor worse; they are merely different. The first Silver Ghost Rolls Royce was as perfect in relationship to the requirements of its day as is the latest V8 in relationship to the needs of this day and age. To own an early Ghost is therefore not only to own a class of perfection which is absolute, but to use such a thing is a great source of pleasure to those who have the necessary intellectual equipment for its enjoyment. Suitability to need was not confined to the Rolls Royce class; the T-model Ford or the bull-nosed Morris Cowley were quite as perfectly matched to the market they set out to satisfy and their enjoyment is no less logical, even though they do not happen to appeal to me.

Those who like old cars can be divided into two main classes; the preservers and the drivers. The first class enjoy working on old cars and restoring them. We can look to them to ensure that an adequate representation survives. The drivers enjoy driving the things and it is they who enable us to judge how they performed and generally did their job. Despite what Mr Banham says, the drivers do not destroy their cars, although there must obviously be some wastage. I have been racing a 1908 Grand Prix Itala remorselessly for the last 25 years. Many parts have been replaced in the course of this time, but always to the original specification, and the car is still in as perfect condition as when it was made. When I drive it or my Bugattis I don't concern myself with whether they are better or worse than my Jaguar XK 150. I like them because they give me an entirely different sort of pleasure, and because they are jolly fine cars in their own right. It is for exactly the same reason that I usually wear a 17th or 18th-century pocket watch.

Therefore it is over Mr Banham's contention that old cars should not be used that I really differ from him. His inference is that old machinery should not be used at all, because using it wears it out, and anyway it is out of date so why use it at all? This was certainly a widely held point of view even as recently as 10 years ago, but it is very rapidly changing. People genuinely interested in early machinery not only want to know how it was made and how it worked, but they want to see it actually at work. It is for this reason that the Newcomen Society increasingly concerns itself with active preservation; and why the Birmingham Museum was formed; and why the National Trust is restoring the 15th-century clock at Cotehele.

CECIL CLUTTON

5 Great College Street
SW1

The achievement of a novelist

ANTHONY BURGESS

Between 1956 and 1959 Anthony Burgess published three novels, **Time for a Tiger, The Enemy in the Blanket,** and **Beds in the East** — a trilogy about post-war Malaya which was an hilarious, bitter swansong to a fading empire, complete with the steaming confusion of the traditional racial melting pot.

Received rapturously by the critics at the time, Burgess's Malayan trilogy has now established a place for its author among the very few intelligently amusing writers who have emerged since the war.

A year later came **The Right to an Answer** ("comedy with the wryest smile since *Measure for Measure* . . . its wit outrageous and its entertainment value alpha")[1], **The Doctor is Sick,** and earlier this year **The Worm and the Ring**—three caustic, inimitable tilts at modern English society at all levels.

On October 30 HEINEMANN crowned Burgess's mounting achievement of six remarkable years with the publication of

DEVIL OF A STATE

"a delicious come-back to the zany world of his Malayan trilogy, though this novel is set in an imaginary East African state newly emerging into independence. . . . Mr Burgess is brilliantly contemporary in a field he has made triumphantly his own."[2]

"Mr Burgess is idiosyncratic, brilliant, and possessed of a wit all his own. Read this novel and I'll guarantee you'll want to go through the entire canon."[3]

"a Waugh without the underlying wounds, a Greene without the guilt."[4]

"vastly entertaining . . . superb craftsmanship . . . a joyful, poignant book which the Book Society has done well to make its choice."[5]

"first-rate — the best Burgess yet."[6]

"he knows the colonial civil servant and his world better than Maugham."[7]

[1] Kenneth Young, Daily Telegraph / [2] Bernard Share, Irish Times/[3] Peter Green, Bookman/[4] Christine Brooke - Rose, Observer /[5] Maurice Edelman, Sunday Times/[6] Kenneth Young, Yorkshire Post / [7] Julian Jebb, Time & Tide.

BOOKS IN GENERAL

Surer than Sure

DAN JACOBSON

Frieda fought with Lawrence, scribbled her remarks over his letters and manuscripts, and jeered unmercifully at his repeated attempts to assert any kind of 'mastery' or 'domination' over her. Yet she seems never for a moment to have doubted his genius; she knew that she was married to a great man; and to this knowledge she remained unshakeably loyal, throughout his life and the years of comparative neglect of his work that followed upon his death. Her attitudes might seem contradictory or paradoxical; but the contradiction was resolved by Frieda in characteristic fashion. 'Lawrence believed in his destiny, and his destiny included me as his wife.' Thus, flatly and calmly, Frieda was able to assert her right to behave as she pleased with the man for whom she had abandoned her husband and children. It is not surprising that there recurs so often in Lawrence's work the figure of a large, handsome, irreverent woman, quick of tongue and quite impervious to argument, anger or the esteem in which her partner might be held by others. Frieda came to believe in her own destiny fully as much as Lawrence believed in his. 'Hensure,' Lawrence wrote, 'is so much surer than cocksure.'

What Frieda had to say about her life with Lawrence she said, with charm and sincerity, in *Not I But the Wind*. Later, over a period of many years she apparently made several attempts to write a fuller autobiography, which would describe her girlhood, her first marriage and her experiences after Lawrence's death. Some of these attempts were cast into a third-person, semi-fictionalised form; others were straightforwardly autobiographical; all of them were interlarded with passages of reflection on such subjects as the war, the relations between men and women, and the meaning of life.

Now the indefatigable E. W. Tedlock of the University of New Mexico has brought together these scattered jottings in a sequence which follows 'as nearly as possible . . . her most clearly indicated plan.' To this sequence he has appended a number of newspaper articles which Frieda wrote at various times. Professor Tedlock admits that 'sometimes continuity is tenuous and passages are somewhat fragmentary,' but he goes on to claim boldly, nevertheless, that 'the memoir is a complete record of her adventure, and constitutes an important literary and human document.' Had he spoken in this way about *Not I But the Wind* (which is not included in the present volume, though it is being advertised as 'the collected writings of Frieda Lawrence') one would gladly have given one's agreement. But it is simply not true about these Memoirs.

Still, the Memoirs are not altogether without interest. Frieda Lawrence was obviously a woman of deep feeling, force and humour, and these qualities are clearly evident in the scraps of reminiscence that Professor Tedlock has made available to us. It is extraordinary, in fact, considering how silly is some of the material which has been solemnly brought together here, how much one likes and admires the woman who is responsible for it; how easy one finds it to forgive her the romanticism of some of her effusions, her way of manoeuvring to present herself in the best possible light, her occasional tactlessness and self-indulgence. It is not, simply, that one forgives her because one knows what she did for Lawrence, what she suffered for him and liberated in him; she earns her forgiveness by the grace and candour of her presence, by the rare, curious innocence which she seems to have preserved intact throughout her life.

The second half of the book – the Correspondence – makes more satisfactory reading, partly because we are given not only Frieda's own letters, but also many letters by others to her and to members of her family. Even here, however, a word of warning is necessary. The passages in Frieda's letters which most directly concern Lawrence have already, for the most part, appeared in Mr Harry T. Moore's biography, *The Intelligent Heart*. For this reason, it is some of the 'peripheral' letters which most attract one's attention, particularly those from people whose lives were deeply and painfully influenced by Lawrence's actions. If *Not I But the Wind* showed us what it cost Lawrence himself, if one can put it this way, to be Lawrence, then some of the correspondence collected here shows us what the cost of Lawrence was to others.

By 'others' I do not mean those people whose frenzies and feuds take up so many pages of any Lawrence biography, and whose names must by now make any assiduous reader of those biographies flinch when he hears them: Dorothy Brett, Mabel Dodge Luhan, Witter Bynner, John Middleton Murry. (Murry's letters, with their nagging talk of his abortive liaisons with Frieda, are paralysingly distasteful: unctuous, 'sincere' in a way that one feels to be totally false, most self-loving in their passages of self-castigation. Altogether, they make Aldous Huxley's portrait of him as Burlap in *Point Counterpoint* seem almost cordial.) The letters I am thinking of are those from Professor Ernest Weekley, whom Frieda left to go with Lawrence; and from a Mrs Alice Dax, who loved Lawrence and who wrote to Frieda after his death, to say something of what Lawrence had been to her.

'Dear Mama,' Weekley wrote to his mother-in-law, a few days after Frieda had left him,

> please make her understand what a state I am in: I cannot see her handwriting without trembling like an old cripple . . . Today I had to lecture for four hours, and to take part in a long session of the Senate. I have desperately to stretch every nerve in order not to cry out hysterically, and then I am as weak as a child and can only lie here and think – if only for a quarter of an hour I could not think!

And to her father he wrote:

> As soon as I know anything I will write you again, and if it is not too embarrassing, please write me. I always believed that I was too proud to need sympathy, for I did not know what kinds of suffering exist.

To Frieda herself:

> I bear him no ill-will and hope you will be happy with him. But have some pity on me . . . Have some remorse for all your deception of a loving man.

Mrs Dax's letter has something of the same tone:

> . . . but my cup was bitter when he wrote from Garda in the richness of fulfilment. How bitterly I envied you that day! How I resented his snobbery and his happiness whilst I was suffering in body and sick in soul, carrying an unwanted child which would never have been conceived but for an unendurable passion which only *he* had aroused and my husband had slaked. So – life! And with its irony that same unwanted child is the most enduring and precious joy of all my years.

Is there any point, it may be asked, in making public letters of this nature? I believe that there is. For better or worse, Lawrence is one of those writers – he is like Tolstoy in this respect – whose lives seem to have an importance to us that is as great as their work; and in Lawrence's life, as in his work, his marriage to Frieda is one of the great, central facts. To see what this marriage meant to others at the time it took place is a chastening experience. We know the hardships that Frieda and Lawrence were themselves to endure; but we are always so easily tempted to feel that these hardships were in some way cancelled out – cancelled out for us, at least – by what they produced. But can we cancel out so easily Professor Weekley's sufferings, or those of Mrs Alice Dax?

Of course, it will be objected here that marriages break up under the most unhappy circumstances even when a man like D. H. Lawrence isn't in any way responsible; that at any time there are perhaps thousands of frustrated, 'unslaked' women married to husbands they despise. But that, in a sense, is precisely the point I wish to make. Unless we are to make the effort to see Frieda and Lawrence, Professor Weekley and Mrs Dax, as people caught up in a toil of love, loyalty and jealousy of a familiar, human kind, then we are surely unable to appreciate at anything of its true value what Frieda and Lawrence made of their marriage, and what he in turn tried to make of that marriage in his work. If we believe Lawrence's life to be in some way an exemplary one – as apparently we do, as he indeed encouraged us to do – then we must try fully to understand how ambig-

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Frieda Lawrence: The Memoirs and Correspondence. Heinemann. 42s.

uous and painful an example it is. What was altogether unfamiliar about Lawrence was his way of confronting the ambiguity and pain he had himself invited, or been unable to avoid.

One cannot help feeling a certain relief, in the end, that this book of Frieda's is probably one of the last we shall have containing first-hand testimony about Lawrence's life. Everyone, it now seems, has had his say. But in view of so much that has been written about him – and what has been said even in this review – it seems only fair that the last word should be Frieda's: 'It was mostly fun being with him.'

Heard and Seen

The Senate Speeches of W. B. Yeats. Edited by DONALD R. PEARCE. *Faber*. 21*s*.

W. B. Yeats: Images of a Poet. *Manchester U.P.* 18*s*.

Valuable though it is to have Yeats's speeches in the Irish Senate collected in a single volume, his silences prove to be as indicative as his words. The aggregate of six years, from 1923 to 1928, is quite small, even though padded out with relevant material. Yeats felt himself out of place in the Senate, and did not choose to stand for election after the term to which he had been appointed came to an end.

The period was one that might have suited him. After all, he had done as much as any man to bring a new nation into being, and he had a right to share in making its laws. But his nationalist activity had always been of a special kind. When he founded his Irish literary societies in Dublin and London during the early Nineties, he insisted that politics not be discussed; and while he was interested in William Morris's socialism during his late youth, he gave it up. His point of view became increasingly telescopic, ill adapted to particular issues. So when political or economic questions were debated in the Senate, Yeats usually kept silent or, if he spoke, did so with diffidence. 'We have no gift to set a statesman right,' he had written of poets before beginning his term as a senator, and after ending it he rather gratuitously warned Ezra Pound in *A Vision*, 'Do not be elected to the Senate of your country. I think myself, after six years, well out of mine.'

This book does not then present what its editor, Donald R. Pearce, hopes, the spectacle of 'a great imaginative man' thoroughly involved in his country's political affairs. Yeats's speeches usually treated subjects on which he had special authority, such as the new coinage, copyright law, judicial robes, school conditions. Certainly he spoke always with shrewdness and vivacity, at once businesslike and stylised.

Only on one political matter did he speak at length, the debate on divorce. Mr Pearce rightly calls his speech on this occasion Yeats's 'forensic showpiece', but it is not Yeats at his best. His most important argument for divorce was that to make marriage indissoluble was to promote immorality. Later he was embarrassed to remember this deference to conventional moral standards, so opposite to his real convictions. If it could be defended as politic, his peroration on behalf of the Protestant minority was deliberately tactless:

> I am proud to consider myself a typical man of that minority. We against whom you have

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The words are magnificent, arrantly provincial, in fact swashbuckling. They belie his own indifference to religion and his lifelong efforts to bring Protestants and Catholics together, and they rest snobbishly on 'stock'. When Yeats recreated them in his poem 'The Tower', he celebrated not Anglo-Irish Protestant blood but the quality of mind of

> . . . the people of Burke and of Grattan
> That gave, though free to refuse.

Yeats's sense of how things would look later was sharper in his verse than in his oratory.

In the 11 years he lived after leaving the Senate, Yeats stayed out of specific political questions but not out of politics. He was interested in a local revolutionary group, perhaps remembering how once he had been a member of the Irish Republican Brotherhood, because of his hope that the country would not merely be improved but changed completely. But for so grand a change as he had in mind, no political group could answer. He longed for a country as intense and ordered, as alive, as a poem.

It is unfortunate that the editor did not include Yeats's votes on bills about which he did not speak, for these would have indicated more clearly his growing conservatism. There are a few editorial ineptnesses: 'conservative *personnel*' for 'membership', 'legality' for 'legalism'. When Yeats remarks, 'It was said about O'Connell . . . that you could not throw a stick over a workhouse wall without hitting one of his children', Mr Pearce explains, with too much zeal, that the sting in this expression is in the word 'workhouse'. In regretting that Yeats's recommendations for support of Irish researches have not been carried out, he is perhaps unaware of the Institute of Advanced Studies in Dublin.

The excellent illustrated catalogue of the Yeats exhibition held last spring at the University of Manchester has now been published in hard covers. It is chiefly the work of D. J. Gordon and Ian Fletcher, with two final sections by Frank Kermode and Robin Skelton. The editing is experienced and original, and much information in the commentary can be found nowhere else.

The title and theme, *Images of a Poet*, is carried out in a series of sections which begin with Yeats, expand to include persons and places he knew, scenes from his plays, and then go further afield. The portraits and photographs of the poet show a surprising variety, due as much to the *partis pris* of the painters as to any variability in the subject. Yeats said that the very different personages found in him by Augustus John, Mancini, Shannon and others were characters 'I have dreamt of being but never had the time for.'

The later sections deal with Byzantium, with symbolic art and visionary landscape, with the image of the dancer, and with Yeats's books and manuscripts. In this part of the book, its implications expand to support the contention that Yeats's images 'were frequently of visual origin.' Though this position has been taken strongly by T. R. Henn and Giorgio Melchiori in recent books on Yeats, it is harder to maintain than is sometimes assumed. Almost every attempt to show that a painting inspired a poem must end in an acknowledgment that it inspired very little o the poem, and that little speculatively. The mosaics of Ravenna may have had their effect in turning Yeats's mind towards Byzantium, but so did a hundred other things he had read in books, heard in conversation, or conceived in his imagination. The pictures of Leda and the Swan by Michelangelo and Moreau are extraordinarily unlike Yeats's poem, with which they are compared. Painters of symbolical landscape in whom Yeats took a great interest, such as Samuel Palmer, are much more remote from his verse than a painter like Cézanne in whom he recognised no kinship. Yeats is a poet not of the eye but of the mind's eye.

In the section on the dancer, the editorial contention is that Yeats's image of the dancer was derived from 'the "Decadent" theme of the Fatal Woman', and particularly of Salomé. Yeats was unquestionably interested in Salomé, but he had begun to use the image of the dancer well before Wilde wrote his play, and in many different ways. The editor acknowledges that Yeats 'transformed her utterly', but it is not clear how, if so transformed, her origin can be so confidently fixed. The theory appears to be that poet are temporary lodgings for itinerant icons and cannot invent. Yet it would be more appropriate to think of Yeats as an image-maker than as an image-picker.

RICHARD ELLMANN

Sit and Think

Arms Control and Disarmament: American Views and Studies. Edited by D. G. BRENNAN. *Cape*. 42*s*.

People usually react to the idea of disarmament in one of three ways. There are the Scoffers, who dismiss it as Utopian, and probably undesirable into the bargain. There are the Shruggers, who agree that it is desirable but shrug their shoulders hopelessly when they consider the appalling difficulties which lie in the way. And there are the Marchers, who believe it to be not only desirable but perfectly possible, if only our rulers were not so stupid, or so wicked, or so weak. Outside the Foreign Office, where a handful of dogged officials continue to devise schemes which often bear more relation to an elaborate and endless parlour game than to anything in the real world of international politics, there are probably not more than a dozen people in this country *thinking* about disarmament – thinking, that is, with the intensity, continuity and clarity with which we think about making money, or governing the country, or healing the sick.

Yet disarmament is no less complex and technical a matter than any of these; and, one would have thought, no less important. Moral earnestness alone is just about as useful in achieving it as it is in conquering disease; and unless the members of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament are prepared, after a gruelling initial study of international relations and military technology, to make themselves thoroughly familiar with the technicalities of the subject, they are about as likely to achieve disarmament as they are to discover a cure for cancer. So long as disarmament is regarded, not as a technical and political problem of staggering complexity, but as either a naive illusion or a moral absolute, no progress whatever will be made.

It is therefore with a mixture of shame and of hope that one reads the numerous studies of disarmament and arms control which have been appearing in the United States during the last two years. The shame is a national one: that it should have been American foundations sponsoring them, American scholars and scientists doing the work, American universities providing the encouragement and the facilities. Outside the tiny Institute for Strategic Studies, itself financed largely from American sources, what have we comparable here? The universities of Oxford and London are just beginning to show an interest in the field, but when a course of lectures was proposed at Cambridge on the military background of contemporary politics, the explosion of horror in the *Cambridge Review* would have done credit to a Victorian nunnery threatened with a course on the psychology of sex. It is because this combination of prudishness and apathy is so general in this country that our hopes for world survival at present remain centred on the United States.

These hopes are based not only on the dedication and intelligence with which the Americans have been applying themselves to the problem, but on the outstanding calibre of their specialists in the field. The work under review, a revised edition of the 1960 Fall issue of *Daedalus*, brings together the most notable: Wiesner, Kahn, Kissinger, Schelling, Feld, Leghorn, Sohn: lawyers, scientists, historians, economists, using their professional skills and developing new ones, differing in their approach and their conclusions, but united in the realisation that all thinking about disarmament must be rooted in a thorough understanding of the military problems which confront us. These men have probably made more progress in their studies in two years than has mankind as a whole since it began to concern itself seriously with the problem of disarmament, nearly 100 years ago.

Wayland Young, in his introduction to the English edition, calls the work 'immensely important', and he does not exaggerate. Its importance lies not in the production of any solutions, but in the clear identification, for the first time, of the real needs and problems of disarmament, and the tentative but realistic suggestions about how they might be tackled. Much of the material included is mutually contradictory. The book is a sort of Command Variety Performance, with each star contributing a typical piece from his repertoire, and it covers the whole spectrum of thinking about the subject, from the scepticism of Dr Teller to the hopeful unilateralism of Erich Fromm. Henry Kissinger contributes his now famous renunciation of Limited Nuclear War, Herman Kahn a digest of the early chapters of his magnum opus *On Thermonuclear War*, and Thomas Schelling a brilliant pioneer exploration of the field of tacit or informal understandings which he has now expounded more fully in his study on *Strategy and Arms Control*. But there can be no doubt that the most valuable chapters are the detailed and carefully worked-out studies of inspection problems and techniques by Jerome Wiesner and Bernard Feld, and – an important new contribution to the collection – the study of the implications of a test-ban by Donald Brennan and Martin Halperin, with its cheerful conclusions about the comparative unimportance of 'cheating'.

The connection between this advanced American thinking and the firmly constructive attitude of President Kennedy's administration to disarmament problems is clear. There are signs that it is having an effect on some of our Foreign Office officials, if not yet on their masters. Perhaps it is too much to hope that one day soon it will percolate to the members of the CND who are, rightly, so obsessed with these questions. It may not stop them from sitting; but at least it may persuade them to sit and think.

MICHAEL HOWARD

Lift up your Feet

The Forest People. By COLIN TURNBULL. *Chatto & Windus*. 25*s*.

A Time in India. By C. ROSS SMITH. *Macdonald*. 30*s*.

The Whispering Land. By GERALD DURRELL. *Hart-Davis*. 18*s*.

Tango. By GEORGE MIKES. *Deutsch*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

The late Dr Kinsey was said to believe that among his collection of curiosa there were documents that were more truly literature than most of the 'literature' produced by professional writers. He would cite a letter written by a near-illiterate wife to her husband in prison, asking him to be faithful to her there. That was true feeling, truly expressed with no false flourishes: it was *raw*. I myself, I confess, prefer literature to be at least a little cooked. A novelist or a scholar should, I think, have moved outside his material before using it. But for writers of reminiscence, whose only claim to our interest is that they have done something or been somewhere, an open, innocent subjectivity does very well. The value of Mr Colin Turnbull's *The Forest People* is that it is not objective, not scholarly, but partisan: Mr Turnbull was made one of

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the fellowship of the forest, and identified himself with the pigmies whose life he describes.

At times his experience has the pathos of Miss G. B. Stern's *The Ugly Dachshund* (about a Great Dane, brought up with dachshunds, who believed himself to be one). Mr Turnbull, singing round the fire, drinking a steaming bowl of *liko*, lolloping along narrow forest tracks where even the pigmies had to stoop, sleeping with the bachelors nine to a hut, had the marks of the forest cut into his forehead, but didn't grow any the smaller for that. At various points his narrative invites parody:

> Several times he announced that he was going off to get food for my supper and I would give him the money to buy something special . . . Of course he would go straight to the beer-house, and leave me to scrounge what I could for myself . . . In the middle of eating breakfast, without asking me if I had had enough, he often took the dish and passed it with a grand air to the other unmarried youths sitting around.

The tone of voice is that of a social worker among lovable juvenile delinquents in Camberwell. Mr Turnbull seems to have no sense of the ridiculous, and that is one of the virtues of his book. It is written from the inside – or from as far inside as he was able to get. Leave 'Only connect!' out of it: only accept, he would say, only *be* as far as possible what you are describing. Eat honey with living grubs in it, despise the full-sized villagers, learn to to lift up your feet when you run, and (romantic as the notion may be) you may experience a kind of innocence.

The same attempt to be what one describes helps to redeem C. Ross Smith's *A Time in India*. In his attitude to 'tourists', Mr Smith reminds one of Miss Eleanor Lavish, but he has a kind of humility, and his book records the six months in India (Mr Turnbull had three years in the Congo) during which he and his wife went around and about, wide-eyed and likeable with rucksacks, conscientiously dunking themselves in an alien culture. Mr Gerald Durrell is different. He is a professional, and this is his eighth book about himself and animals. Though the ambience is rather jolly and gin-drinking, like an Officers' Mess of the RAF Regiment in Barrackpore during the Forties, Mr Durrell describes the behaviour of his seal and penguin colonies with what seems to be accuracy and is certainly relish. The first half of his book deals with a journey to Patagonia to film seals and penguins with their young, the second with another he made to Jujuy to collect animals and birds for his private zoo. Bargaining for macaws, persuading a Geoffroy's kitten to eat, curing a peccary of pneumonia (by taking it home and sleeping with it), persuading a puma to move from one cage to another, using his own toes as bait for vampire bats – they are all material for Mr Durrell, who has put them together to make an entertaining book.

Mr Mikes is also a professional. He is a professional humourist. Mr Mikes went to Rio with a conference of International PEN, and kept on going – seven South American countries are 'done' in 176 pages, of which 30 are taken up by Mr Nicolas Bentley's pictures. I think Mr Mikes is very brave to be a professional humourist. Every person, every experience must be of use, for humour is so concentrated, and it takes a lot of living to make a page of a funny book. I imagine Mr Mikes at literary parties, saying to his fellow-guests, 'Are you funny? Are you truly funny?' In *Tango*, there's roughly a joke a page, which is probably the union rate.

JOHN BOWEN

Ecossaise

Tartans. By CHRISTIAN HESKETH. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 27s. 6d.*

Jacob gave his wee son Josie
A tartan coat, to keep him cosy –

was a rhyme of my childhood. It would be going too far to assert that the children of Israel were the first to use the tartan; what is certain is that its origins are lost in Celtic mist. And by the time Christian Hesketh has finished her lively account, and displayed her many illustrations, the one thing that is perfectly clear is that the whole history of tartan is full of gaps, surmises and surprises, and that those who set themselves up as arbiters of who is to wear what tartan, and how, are resting on very shaky foundations.

Originally, the sett (or design) was not exclusive to one family or clan: it might be used by all living in a certain district. In the 17th century the chief of Grant did not have much more success in his attempt to impose a standardised red and green sett, 'broad-springed', on all his tenants than in his attempt to make them all wear whiskers. Tartans 'of the newest patterns' were being offered in Edinburgh when Prince Charlie was in residence in 1745, but none of the tartans known to be worn by Jacobite chiefs during the Rising can be identified with clan tartans of today. An enterprising weaver who cashed in on the Scott boom devised a sett called the 'Meg Merrilees'; 100 years later, its origin forgotten, it was 'listed as a family tartan under the name of Merrilees alone'.

The Industrial Revolution made possible the standardisation of setts – but by this time the tartan kilt had ceased to be the everyday wear of the ordinary Highlander (though in my youth the tartan shawl was everyday wear for the old wifies of the towns) and had entered upon its romantic and ritualistic phase. What had once been a practical dress for men who had to travel long distances in rough country, usually in the rain (the original belted plaid, as worn by Montrose's Highland army, served as tent, rug and garment combined) became a romantic gesture, a picturesque survival, part of the ritual of middle and upper-class Scottish patriotism. When it was a working Highland dress, nobody seems to have bothered about correctness; when it became a slightly self-conscious costume, the purists began to lay down the law. The change was epitomised in George IV's visit to Edinburgh in 1822: an Anglo-German monarch wearing full Highland dress of Royal Stewart tartan.

The stern ritualist – say, Compton Mackenzie's Ben Nevis – will get many a nasty shock from these pages. What will he make of these calf-length kilts worn by Mackay's mercenaries in the Thirty Years' War? What about Sir Robert Dalrymple wearing (*c.* 1720) a sort of tartan negligee, lined with blue silk, over a frilly shirt? Or Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster – a sporran with trews? Or the Pretender John Sobieski, who in the most splendid of the colour-plates wears a black balaclava helmet above his Highland dress?

Christian Hesketh thinks that tartan has survived because it is emblematic of 'a quality heroic and irrational' in the Scot. I agree; yet surely there is something else. A few tartans are hideous; most are pretty; some are very pretty indeed; and the kilt makes any well-built man, who wears it with assurance, look handsomer. When Parisians first saw the sporting of *écossaise* – by the Highland soldiers who marched through in 1814 – they raved about *'l'élégance du kilt'*. May the pretty tartans be widely worn by French, English, Americans as well as Scots, and let the claim to them be a sense of style and eye for colour rather than a Mac-great-grandmother. And, fond as I am of my bright family tartan, may I sometime devise a fit way of using the Johore tartan, 'specially designed for an Indian frontier regiment'. There's elegance indeed!

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JANET ADAM SMITH

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Battles of the English Civil War. By AUSTIN WOOLRYCH. *Batsford.* 21*s.*

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These three books are part of Batsford's series of British battles. They have many jolly pictures and clear maps; they will make splendid presents for those who enjoy reading about the evisceration of their fellow countrymen long ago – 'the flesh of his cheeks and lips was hanging in collops, his nose was split, and his ears, I think, were cut off'. There is plenty of this; often we can almost feel the common soldier's push of pike. But the more closely the confusion of the battlefield is studied, the less clear is the contribution of command, or the ultimate importance of the action.

Mr Woolrych, in fact, writes a good deal about the background to battle in the Civil War; he follows the swings of strategy in close relation to the political see-saw within and between the two sides; he gives special emphasis to the organisation of the armies, to the development of military techniques and to the gradual replacement of grandees and volunteers by professionals and conscripts. As for the battles, he concentrates on Marston Moor, Naseby and Preston; his descriptions of the ground are good; his analysis of the action cogent, though colourless. His book brings out afresh the pre-eminence of Cromwell, but discloses how much men who depend on force must also depend on luck.

Mr Warner is working on a much smaller canvas. The story of the action itself is outlined in the first few pages; the rest of the book is largely taken up with quotations from ships' logs and other contemporary narratives:

> their firing was not very smart, though they contrived to send a red-hot shot into the captain's cabin where I was quartered, which kept rolling about and burning everybody when gallant Mears, our first-lieutenant, took it up in his speaking trumpet, and threw it overboard.

Howe, says Mr Warner, had the 'moral strength which is the mark of the great commander' – he was prepared to wait for the sake of a more complete victory; but he had not the physical strength to exploit it by vigorous pursuit. This tactical success and strategic failure is left as a puzzle; instead, Mr Warner pads his book with an account of the origin of naval honours, and with unattractive stories of captains in quest of them.

Mr Hibbert has the advantage of a theme that is both grand and unified in itself, and he writes well. We begin with the landing in Portugal in October 1808; follow Sir John Moore's conduct of the tricky march to Saragossa; share his hesitations about further advance; and are taken through the horrors of the retreat, to the final battle, and out to sea. It is all clear, concentrated and close to the ground – an appalling and an inspiring story. Moore reported the conduct of his army as 'infamous beyond belief'; yet he was able to praise a manoeuvre coolly executed at Corunna – 'that is exactly how it should be done'. Mr Hibbert suggests (without argument) whole-hearted endorsement of Moore's decisions; but the narrative not only reveals the sufferings of the line and the blundering of the staff; it illuminates, once again, the uncertain processes of military leadership.

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(New Statesman)

GOLLANCZ

My Performances

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

Behind the fieldfare is a curving hurdle fence, running to a wishbone gate under a leaning tree. Behind the goose is a cottage with plain-end chimneys, rough and solid among its skep ricks and its bordering trees. Behind another goose a tump with bending alders; behind the rook the wide arable fields from a manor under high trees; behind the magpie the roofs of cottage and barn, and away to the left a fence broken into sudden white crosses above a dead beast.

We can go back to the hand of the child who was later to make prints of scenes like these.

> I was for some time kept at reading, writing, and figures – how long, I know not, but I know that as soon as my question was done upon my slate, I spent as much time as I could find in filling with my pencil all the unoccupied spaces, with representations of such objects as struck my fancy; and these were rubbed out, for fear of a beating, before my question was given in . . . As soon as I filled all the blank spaces in my books, I had recourse, at all spare times, to the gravestones and the floor of the church porch, with a bit of chalk . . . At that time I had never heard of the word 'drawing' . . . I remember once of my master overlooking me while I was very busy with my chalk in the porch, and of his putting me very greatly to the blush by ridiculing and calling me a conjuror. My father, also, found a deal of fault for 'misspending my time in such idle pursuits'; but my propensity for drawing was so rooted that nothing could deter me from persevering in it; and many of my evenings at home were spent in filling the flags of the floor and the hearthstone with my chalky designs. After I had long scorched my face in this way, a friend, in compassion, furnished me with some paper . . . Here I had more scope. Pen and ink, and the juice of the brambleberry, made a grand change . . . The beasts and birds, which enlivened the beautiful scenery of woods and wilds surrounding my native hamlet, furnished me with an endless supply of subjects.

This is the middle of the 18th century, when Thomas Bewick was born on a farm near Newcastle. His father rented a small neighbouring coalpit. At 14 Bewick entered on seven years' apprenticeship as an engraver, with Ralph Beilby of Newcastle as master. He worked on almost everything, from bar bills and bank-notes to coffin plates and clock faces. Outside London, Newcastle was one of the most prosperous printing centres, and in woodcuts for chapbooks and children's books Bewick found the art by which he lived. After his apprenticeship he wandered through Scotland, and then tried London, which he disliked and left. He went back to his art and trade in Newcastle, and worked there and at Gateshead until he died at the age of 75. His best known books of prints appeared in the decades at the turn of the century, *Land Birds* (1797), *Water Birds* (1804). In the last years of his life he wrote a memoir of himself, for his daughter.

Bewick's *Memoir* is in many ways a classic document. The early chapters especially are a wonderful recreation of a country childhood, at a particular time and place, and with the pressure of a particular talent. He was a wild boy in an unsettled life. Cherryburn, isolated among trees, had innumerable birds to watch and stone; fish to catch in the streams; fields hummocked by moles that the boy had to scale; sheep to watch on the fell; horses to break and hares to hunt. In the coalpit men were injured and sometimes lost. A grasp at education, the basic skills and Latin, from transient schoolmasters and a poor vicar. Cockfighting and tales of the Border wars. Truancy and beating, endless beating, and being locked in the church for a punishment, with an active fear of ghosts and boggles, overcome by the diversion of climbing the pillars of the nave and sitting on the capitals. Prizefights and the extremes of physical cruelty; the experiment of setting a wasp at a spider, and smearing mustard on meat tossed to a favourite dog. Breaking school and setting out on a sheet of stranded ice across the wide thaw floods. A spring well, cherry and plum trees, a holly hedge, tall ash trees with a rookery.

Riding in with his father to be bound apprentice, Bewick was given the appropriate and convincing homily on a sober manhood. Almost, knowing the boy, you wait for a refusal, but it never comes. The energy flows into the minute particulars of his skills and into the woodcuts of birds and beasts, the vignettes of country scenes, which composed his art. At times the macabre touches the clean landscapes, and we remember that Bewick was once chased home by a guising devil, the horns and tail clear in the moonlight. Yet the robustness, the observing delicacy, retain their control; the boys play at cavalry on the tilting gravestones, with behind them the solidity of cottages and trees and rooks. In the *Memoir* itself the vitality fades with the long years of manhood: it had gone elsewhere, into the block; the gravers, the water globe through which the lamplight was concentrated. The only wholly convincing chapter, on the later years, is a detailed discussion of the technique of woodcuts.

As social history, beyond this glimpse and shuttering of a deeply interesting man, the *Memoir* is permanently valuable. He writes of the common before enclosure:

> It was mostly fine greensward or pasturage, broken or divided, indeed, with clumps of 'blossom'd whins', foxglove, fern and some junipers, and with heather in profusion, sufficient to scent the whole air. Near the burns, which guttered its sides, were to be seen the remains of old oaks, hollowed out by Time, with alders, willows and birch, which were often to be met with in the same state; and these seemed to me to point out the length of time that these domains had belonged to no one. On this common – the poor man's heritage for ages past, where he kept a few sheep, or a Kyloe cow, perhaps a flock of geese, and mostly a stock of bee hives – it was with infinite pleasure that I long beheld the beautiful wild scenery which was there exhibited, and it is with the opposite feelings of regret that I now find all swept away.

And on this the footnote of the adult radical tradesman:

> This fell, or common, containing about 1852 acres, was divided in 1812. By this division, the poor man was rooted out and the various mechanics of the village deprived of all benefit of it. The neighbouring farmers who reared their young cattle, and kept as many sheep upon it as they pleased, must now pay rent for the allotments laid to their farms. The wisdom which dictated this change is questionable, but the selfish greediness of it is quite apparent.

There is a lot of Bewick in that last rough, untaught, finely executed sentence. The prose of the whole *Memoir* moves fascinatingly through a range from formal pastoral styles to sudden local observation, from the balanced sermon to the sudden ungovernable feeling that forces the words into line. There is the same range in his character-drawing, from the little worldly sketches of notabilities – lives that come straight from the pen as obituaries – to the loved portraits where feeling still moved: Anthony Liddell, the persistent open-day poacher whose 'whole cast of character was formed by the Bible'; Thomas Forster, hiding his hives in the deepest gorse, but showing a boy the ways to them; Will Bewick, who like the others was an independent cottager on the common, who like them had little reading but the Bible, local histories, and ballads, and who

> from being much struck with my performances, which he called pictures, became exceedingly kind to me, and was the first person from whom I gathered a sort of general knowledge of astronomy and of the magnitude of the universe. He had, the year through, noticed the appearances of the stars and the planets, and would discourse 'largely' on the subject. I think I see him yet, sitting on a mound, or seat, by the hedge of his garden, regardless of the cold, and intent upon viewing the heavenly bodies; pointing to them with his large hands, and eagerly imparting his knowledge to me with a strong voice such as one now seldom hears.

The club of artists and tradesmen in Newcastle, discussing the French Revolution, with Bewick eloquent on the iniquities of a reactionary war; the memories of the Highland crofters, before they were driven out by landlords; the glimpses of London engravers, at a time when Blake – Bewick's contemporary within four years, in the same trade – was living his very different life, a more original artist and perhaps without a Newcastle to return to: all these stay in the mind.

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— BBC Third Programme, *New Comment*

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The London Magazine Xmas Anthology, 450 pages is available from the publishers at 21s.

Edited by Alan Ross

The *Memoir* was not printed until 1862, and then not complete. Again incomplete in 1887 and 1924 and now, from two publishers, two handsome editions*, the Centaur with 27 pages of marvellous prints, as well as text and vignettes, and an appreciation by Edmund Blunden; the Cresset with fine illustrations and an excellent introduction by Montague Weekley. But both, in 1961, and after so much expense, still incomplete. The Cresset omits several whole chapters, and has elsewhere cut what 'seemed to be either tedious or obscure', without local indication. This is insolent, especially when you look at some of the passages cut. The Centaur is more complete, but omits, again without indication, a crucial passage on a lawsuit with an apprentice. The omission can only be to sentimentalise Bewick, which is the very last thing any judicious reader of this fine artist, tradesman and writer would want to do.

God's Own

Robert Moffat. By CECIL NORTHCOTT. *Lutterworth.* 35*s.*

Livingstone's Missionary Correspondence 1841-1856. Edited by I. SCHAPERA. *Chatto & Windus.* 42*s.*

The Exploration Diaries of H. M. Stanley. Edited by RICHARD STANLEY and ALAN NEAME. *Kimber.* 30*s.*

General Gordon's Khartoum Journal. Edited by LORD ELTON. *Kimber.* 30*s.*

Without the steady presence of his father-in-law, Robert Moffat, ensconced in his mission at Kuruman, Livingstone's impulsive removals and journeys into the wilderness of the Zambesi country would not have been possible: he needed to feel that far away to the south there lay a refuge of saintly routine, and he needed also, it seems, to feel that his own erratic ways were answerable to Moffat's austere standards. Mr Northcott's life of Moffat, comprehensive and excellently written, shows what these two curious men were about in Southern Africa.

Both were Scots brought up in a theocratic Presbyterian environment who moved to England and there became Congregationalists. Without abandoning any important tenets of Calvinist theology, they found that the English congregations gave them a chance to express themselves and to act independently. The discipline of the London Missionary Society, especially in Africa, was home-made and wisely prone to make exceptions. Moffat, the gardener from Fife, was a founder of settled missions, first at Kuruman near the southern border of Bechuanaland and later at the unvisited capital of the Matabele in what is now Southern Rhodesia. He was a solemn man, not far from priggishness, not at all in sympathy with what he could discern of tribal life around him. Livingstone was impatient and eloquent, and while Moffat spent the decades cudgelling out the Bible into Sechuana, he darted about the wilderness from tribe to tribe. Their greatest shared achievement, as Mr Northcott shows, was to keep open the corridor to the unexplored north, between the Kalahari on one side and on the other the raging Boer farmers who longed to reduce the Bechuana tribes to servitude and to block the British way of penetration into the territories of the Zambesi. Mr Northcott manages to amend the Moffat-Livingstone version of the Boers as 'Satan's own', and reveals that the Boers had good reason to be worried about the 'pampered' tribes which might at any moment launch a murderous cattle-raid against them. Moffat had acted briefly as a Bechuana general at the battle of Lattakoo in 1823, leading his flock and some Griqua levies against invading tribal hordes, and Mr Northcott admits that he and Livingstone later supplied Bechuana around their missions with arms and ammunition.

Livingstone was governed by imagination; Moffat by courageous common sense. But the contrast between their approach to Africans, which comes out vividly in Professor Schapera's edition of Livingstone's missionary correspondence from his first 15 years in Africa, was rather more than a matter of character. It has a theological side. Professor Schapera, the editor impeccable whose footnotes are all fact, does not permit himself to go into this. Nor, unfortunately, does Mr Northcott. But Livingstone's view of the heathen condition in Africa quite clearly assumes a Fall from a state of illumination. Local religious beliefs, all corruption to Moffat, suggested to Livingstone 'something like broken planks floated down on the stream of ages from a primitive faith'. His images of African moral depravity all refer to a 'crust', a 'darkness which shrouds their minds'. This approach seems to explain both Livingstone's lack of racialist presumption, and his sometimes distressing intolerance of African failings. Why should he make allowances for them, if they were as human as he? Moffat spoke of Satan 'erasing' religious consciousness from Africans, yet added in the same sentence that they had never had any; and Moffat – patient, paternalist and staid – was the more effective missionary.

Most early Europeans in Africa developed neurotic loathings for their white companions. Moffat never did. Livingstone felt himself being eaten alive by his colleague Edwards, and covered reams with his furiously comic tongue-lashings of this poor man. Stanley, whose diaries for the great journey down the Congo in 1874-77 are now published for the first time, hated just about everybody in reach and fought his way down the Lualaba and the Congo as if he were marching through Georgia.

These are very unpleasant diaries, full of whining and cursing about African 'unwhipped insolence'. Did Stanley really have to shoot so many people on his way? We know now that the Arabs had not really spread war and anarchy across Central Africa, and it seems more likely that the tribes ahead of him heard successively of the battling Stanley and attacked as the best means of defence. His approach to emotional collapse near the end of the terrible journey is ugly, not moving. He was tough all right, but later Leopold II of Belgium used him as his dupe for building the Congo 'Free State'. Some other men on that job killed themselves when they realised what they had been used for. But Stanley grew old contentedly and dug a toy Congo, complete with tributaries, in his English garden.

The best of Gordon's Khartoum journals was used by Alan Moorehead in *The White Nile*. Now the full text is republished – a Victorian gospel of eccentric high spirits and the fulfilment of all fantasies about cheeking one's superior officers. When he was dead, they were all sorry, not least because they then had to read what he wrote about them in the journals. *'I am impossible.* (What a comfort!)'

NEAL ASCHERSON

**Memoir of Thomas Bewick. Centaur Press.* 63*s.*; *Cresset Press.* 18*s.*

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Secondary Strengths

The Day of the Tortoise. By H. E. BATES. *Joseph.* 7s. 6d.

The Clydesiders. By HUGH MONRO. *Macdonald.* 16s.

Night. By FRANCIS POLLINI. *Calder.* 20s.

A Bohemian Affair. By RAY MATHEW. *Angus & Robertson.* 15s.

The Prisoner of Mother England. By DOUGLAS HAYES. *Abelard-Schuman.* 15s.

It's easy for critics to ignore the difficulties of professional writers. They are forced at times to live off the hump, they have to rely on their secondary talents, they can't avoid exploiting a trick that has paid off – all in the interests of bread, rent or licences. The question is how much can they take the mickey out of the Muse and still be allowed to serve her? Some – Robert Graves must be the most remarkable – are rather better than the rest at not letting the one thing interfere with the other. But what about H. E. Bates, who had a talent for the rural scene and for country feelings?

In *The Day of the Tortoise* we have him in his serious, non-Larkin mood. There is a welcome absence of the susurrus of synthetic fecundity. It is a long short story about Fred, the ungrumbling slave brother to three weird sisters, and Fred's moment of liberty which he achieves by giving shelter to a gay and pregnant young woman from the local dairy. She, undoubtedly, represents the life principle. In fact everybody in the story represents a principle, I suppose, Flossie and Aggie and Ellen, the sisters, as well as Francis the jackdaw and Joey the budgie: as characters they are all equally shadowy and formal. Mr Bates, in a curious way, sets these gaseous presences in a narrative choked with detail. Objects like custard, carpet slippers, yesterday's newspaper, pork pies and pink china candleholders lie around all over the place, and very little sense or shape is made of them. On the basis of *The Day of the Tortoise* it seems that Mr Bates has cocked a snook at the gods once too often.

The merit of *The Clydesiders* lies less in art than authenticity. It is a plain masculine tale of working-class family life in a Glasgow slum in the Thirties, and conveys with unmistakable conviction the special quality of feeling of the time, a blend of anger, hopelessness, scepticism and respectability. The author keeps modestly out of the way, and relies for his effects on his eye for the hideous Presbyterian scene – stone tenements, cavernous cooking ranges, trams and cobbles – and on his ear for the crunching Glasgow dialect. At the same time he notes with lens-like accuracy the influence of the age of rickets and the dole within the family – the collapse of the father's character as he comes to be accepted as a permanent fireside ornament, and the stunting of mind and warping of feeling among the whey-faced children. Altogether *The Clydesiders* is a decent, honest book.

Some of Mr Munro's objectivity and control would have been welcome in *Night*, which its publishers claim was hailed as a masterpiece on its appearance in France. I can't imagine why. Its subject is an important and timely one, the brainwashing of American troops in Korea. But in his effort to make us feel the bonelessness of the Americans and the cunning ferocity of the Chinese, Mr Pollini works himself too often into a frenzy, flexing every muscle and screaming every note. The final effect is not half as devastating as that cool account of the stuffing of the hollow men that appeared in the pages of *The New Yorker*. No amount of thematic interest can atone for quite such a fatal deficiency of treatment.

Ray Mathew is a young Australian writer whose volume of short stories, *A Bohemian Affair*, is published with the help of the Commonwealth Literary Fund. He writes in a limpid, easy way which disguises – not always completely – a conscious art. The least interesting stories have to do with a dim bunch of metropolitan beatniks. The best are about country people and the young. In these he shows a nice skill in managing a syntax of simple feelings, and makes effective play with the contrast between the ardour of the young and the fatigue of the old, the one fascinated, the other defeated by the harshness of outback Australia. There are signs in this pleasant production of a fresh and original talent.

In *The Prisoner of Mother England* Douglas Hayes shows a distinctive comic gift. The hero, Christmas Grubb, is almost a conventional one by now – randy but innocent at heart, fortyish, bibulous, literary. But he has a clutch of personal tics – Middlesex cricket, cheese and chess – a job as a writer of boys' stories and a dead-pan self-ridiculing habit which give him an identity of his own. Grubb's adventures here and in Australia balance the two countries against each other, composing a kind of ribald test match between Lords and the Hill at Sydney in which, as in life, the Australian bowling is finally too much for the 'Pommie bastards'. Mr Hayes's jokes are mordant, affectionate and funny, his book an acceptable gamey morsel.

WILLIAM WALSH

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Jollification and Remorse

The Symbolic Pig. By F. C. SILLAR and R. M. MEYLER. *Oliver & Boyd.* 63s.

The pig has been little anthologised, reason enough for this handsome collection of items from art and literature. But the title's misleading: one's bound to ask, symbolic of what, and this isn't the book for an answer. Here and there a pig may represent something – fertility, uncleanness; may turn its back on Christianity, or embrace it; Anger rides a boar, Greed a sow; *Swellfoot* and *Animal Farm* inflate their satirical balloons on trotters; and that's almost the extent of the inquiry into how and why we double-deal with an animal both liked and despised, shoved in muck and jollified with the scalding.

In the light of human appetite and guilt he has a difficult role to play. Much of this has been due to Christianity, Judaism and Islam. But for that convenient hole in the foot into which devils can enter he would never have been saddled with one of the more savage of Christ's miracles: Gadara is our eternal excuse. Then there were Circe's lovers. The sow that suckled Zeus and the baby in *Alice in Wonderland* don't make up for them. We are left hopelessly ambivalent.

The authors are more concerned with the fun of the image; and in one direction at least they have tracked this down with splendid zest. The chapter on 'Ecclesiastical Pigs' brings a herd of fancies revelling out, with pigs playing bagpipes and harps, pigs pulling on trousers, pigs frolicking in oaks, piglings in a porch-ceiling clamped to the teat like a bunch of bananas. The musical association, natural enough with bagpipes, extends to 'Pig and Whistle'; and a variant of the theme will be found in the Pig-faced Lady of Manchester Square (broadsheet, 1815).

> This extraordinary female is about 18 years of age, of High rank and great fortune. Her body and limbs are of the most perfect and beautiful shape but her head and face resembles that of a Pig. She eats her victuals out of a Silver Trough in the same manner as Pigs do and when spoken to she can only answer by Grunting; her chief amusement is the Piano on which she plays most delightfully.

Literature (as here represented), however, touches only the fringe of pure piggishness. Hudson's fantastic statement that the pig is more intelligent than the ape seems hardly credible from a naturalist, even a fancy one, though one may sympathise with his chief object, which is to damage our worship of the dog.

The animal's surprising qualities are its sensitiveness and its practical humour. I had a sow once that at night would press her head against the barbed wire while she gazed wistfully into the lighted room. The frightful thing about pigs is that they can no more help extorting affection than they can disguise the nakedness of their skelter towards the knife. Very properly Hardy winds up this selection with a pig-killing from *Jude the Obscure* that does justice to man and beast. The accusation that has continually to be faced is that display in the butcher's shop of the pig entire, strung by the heels, slit from chin to vent, with uncoiled tail and eyes closed in the degraded face. But it doesn't stop me – swine that I am – from requiring my cut.

G. W. STONIER

ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Augustus John

ANDREW FORGE

The Brazen Serpent, Augustus John's famous prize-winning composition done at the Slade in 1898, is strangely difficult to focus on as a picture. This is not just because the figures in it are diffuse as forms (they have a wobbling, flame-like, immaterial look) nor because the spaces in the picture are never specific; it is because it is impossible to be sure of the painter's attitude when he painted it. Or to put it another way, what the picture is about never seems to have a definite relationship to the way in which it is painted: its style is vague. If this is a fairly common characteristic of student works, particularly such ambitious ones as this, there are plenty of features here which suggest something very different.

To begin with, there is a tremendous show of compositional bravura and confidence which carries him full-tilt right across its surface; there is a dancing vigour in the handling which always makes one think of flames and which imparts an abstract rhythmical unity to the whole picture-surface irrespective of what is represented. Then there is the picture's eclecticism, again common enough in bright students, but here uncommonly knowledgeable and skilful (Tintoretto, El Greco, Rubens, Watteau all have their part) and with a curious twist to it which could almost be parody. Are these gestures, these *contrapostos*, these affectations of stance, the overstatements of an ardent and romantic student or are they a restrained spoof? One cannot be sure. But the fact is that taken one by one these figures look remarkably silly.

The contrast between slightly ambiguous intentions and a sort of abstract brilliance was to persist as the constant characteristic of his work. Certainly as he matured, the ostensible purpose of individual pictures became clearer; but even in the portraits the vagueness lingers. Are they characterisations or caricatures, studies of a real head as it was or projections of imaginary types? The portrait of Lady Ottoline Morell, the Fitzwilliam's Thomas Hardy – how are we to take them? As pictures they seem to slip through our fingers, and we are left baffled by everything except an impression of flaming brilliance.

It is in the drawings that the general characteristics of his painting can be pinned down. For him drawing was an aesthetic abstraction. I don't suppose he ever thought of it as a mode of searching nor for that matter of definition. When he puts down a line it is all gesture: the inflections of the line have that nervous involuntary quality that one knows in the flick of a stroked cat's tail. His lines don't go back or forth into the paper; they skim it instead with dazzling fluency, evoking the patterns of the old masters.

Where he can forbear to model and the line is left in all its rakish nakedness, the thing is at its best. But usually he shades certain parts, drawing on an entirely conventional vocabulary of forms and never bothering to make any accommodation between the lines and the modelling. It is the same with regard to the distortions he imposes on the thing drawn. If he does distort, the result is never like anything in, for example, a Van Gogh or a Matisse, where distortion is in the interest of structural or expressive clarity. John's distortions are like those of Burne Jones; his elongations, his droops and twists, are devices which are intended to give a certain kind of glamour.

The fact is that John's work is like a grand coda to a whole passage in English painting. He summed up the English reaction to Impressionism, acted out the dreams of the Nineties. 'I got in with the tail-end of that period and with the infallible instinct of youth reacted violently against it,' he wrote in his autobiography. 'I would have preferred the forties . . . not to speak of the Renaissance.' So would the Nineties. Like his teachers at the Slade, Brown, Tonks, Steer, he accepted a sort of Impressionistic naturalism as a proper basis for painting, but like them too he jibbed at the one essential characteristic of Impressionism: which is its objectivity.

The Impressionist world is a here and now. Everything is subordinated to a single strenuous realist intention. But neither Tonks nor Steer could ever make sense of this: to them nature's authority was still understood in Pre-Raphaelite Ruskinian terms, a moral leaning, rather than an uncompromising intention expressed in action. And by the time John was making his first contacts in Paris, Impressionism itself had been on the ebb for nearly 20 years. The painters that Conder and Rothenstein led him to were near contemporaries, the Nabis painters, eclectics like Auquetin, and then, through them, Gauguin, Puvis de Chavannes. It was a circle that took the Impressionist achievement for granted and could think of nothing on its own behalf except an imaginative alternative to it; it turned to the past, the primitive. And it had shown some interest in the dreamier phases of recent English painting: Watts and the latter-day Pre-Raphaelites.

As John developed he seems to have become increasingly detached from his time. Everything that he did was touched with fantasies of a special kind. He was painting a generalised timeless art world. It was the opposite of the imaginings of, say, a Stanley Spencer, in which the real and the mystical intersect in a perfectly clear-cut, workaday manner; it was a far more elusive and baffling affair in which what purported to be real was actually fantasy and in which the artist acknowledges this only in a very ambiguous way.

From the moment when he first appeared at the Slade in the mid-Nineties his elders looked at him with something like awe. No wonder. Cursed by a heritage of 50 years' philistinism and cut off from what was really happening abroad, what the painters of the New English Art Club felt more strongly than anything was simply a nostalgia for art. Art was seen less as a living, immediate thing than as an alternative to the present; it was a literary conception, new only in its self-consciousness. It is what inspires novels like *The Picture of Dorian Gray* and Hardy's *The Well-Beloved*, that savage joke about life suddenly acting according to the principles of art.

Art had happened: connoisseurship was the keynote and the old masters were invoked

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(7/6)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

as though by devout attention to them the present could be exorcised once and for all. 'There is no Present', Wyndham Lewis declared in *Blast*, that last salvo in which Aestheticism blew its breeches with its own irony. 'There is the Past and the Future and there is Art!'

And the mystery of art, its potency over time, hung like an aura round the artist himself. Whistler's 'The Master stands in no relation to the moment in which he occurs' is borne out by John in his life and his work with breathtaking self-confidence. In a famous photograph of the New English Art Club's selection jury of 1904 he is the dominating figure, the real talent, hairy, relaxed among the toppers and hard collars, the artist who draws exquisitely and goes with gypsies.

The gypsies were to John and to the artists who followed him rather what the Polynesians were to Gauguin – the primitive subjects for a monumental art. The figures in the little panels as well as in the great compositions like the Tate *Galway* stand outside time, their clothes untouched by fashion, their expressions inscrutable to civilised man. The artist does what he likes with them. They are also a bit what the Saltimbanques were to Picasso: artist-like people who earn their living in a way that the rest do not understand or endorse. And one feels that in John the self-regarding element is even more telling because it is realised only in a half-conscious way. This partial acknowledgment of what he was doing was essential to his whole artistic attitude, and I believe it has some bearing on his hit-or-miss way of painting.

He speaks half ruefully of his 'lack of method'. In painting a head, for instance, if the emotive, expressive details could not be seduced or tumbled into place quickly, he was at a loss. Something prevented him from concluding a picture except on the terms of his own brilliance; and it was surely this same thing that prevented him from sharpening up his own limitations, isolating them aesthetically, pushing them to a fine extreme, as Matthew Smith did or as Modigliani did.

From the middle of the 19th century up to quite recently, painters in England have had to ask themselves what it meant to be a painter in England, and to act out their answers. Such was the precariousness of their position. And because the milieu had been so narrow and brittle, each outstanding act of self-determination has taken on a symbolic value. Augustus John was a prototype in this situation. This is why it is almost impossible now to focus on him as an artist in his own right and why the pictures themselves seem so elusive.

John was a draughtsman, certainly, but also he was the exemplar of a revival of 'good draughtsmanship'; he was brilliant and talented and bohemian, but also a kind of public representative of these attributes. The very types of his paintings, the naked faun-like boys, the girls on lonely beaches, the poets and wild hostesses and snorting grandees, are like the emblems of an artistic empire.

I doubt whether John would ever have acknowledged such a representative role, but the fact is that he lived and painted as though he did. If he hadn't lived, it would have been necessary to invent him. Where one feels this about an artist one can be pretty sure that in some way or other his milieu has let him down.

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Homage to Sir Howard Robertson

REYNER BANHAM

The scaffolding and hoardings are coming off the Shell Building fast, and the architects have started to offer first publication rights to the magazines. One has refused already, thus triggering a little chain-reaction of embarrassment throughout architectural journalism. In the end, most magazines will publish, and perhaps try to justify their action on the grounds that it is news, but there will still be disquiet approximately proportional to the amount of space devoted to it.

What needs to be said here and now is that the embarrassment is not caused simply by the fact that it is felt to be a bad building. The fact that nobody likes it as a building has been common property ever since the radio *Critics*, ably steered by Sir Gerald Barry, savaged it after seeing the designs. It has become a byword in London like the *Torre Velasca* in Milan – 'What about this Shell Building?' says every architectural visitor.

The basic objection to the building is that it is either of two things, both of them wrong: that is, if it is what it appears to be, a small American skyscraper of *circa* 1926, then that is wrong because we can do better by now, and if it isn't what it appears to be, and is a modern building dressed up as a piece of pre-Slump real estate, then it is a piece of disingenuous styling.

But the prime embarrassments lie outside such considerations. One concerns the LCC – how did this manage to happen right literally under their noses on their prize site: the other concerns the designer – how did he arrive at such a design. What happened with the LCC was that the bureaucrats outsmarted themselves. The Council's adaptable policy with developers is rapidly being shown up for what it is – a feeble functionaries' evasion of a situation that really calls for wider powers, ruthlessly exercised. A public outcry temporarily saved London from the worst consequences of this non-policy in Piccadilly Circus, and in any case Jack Cotton, like most developers, doesn't seem to care much what his buildings look like; he was quite happy to let the LCC tinker with the design if it made them happy too.

But the public has no such strong feelings about the South Bank – it isn't the hub of the Empire, it's just County Hall's backyard. Nevertheless, the horse-trading approach might at least have produced a neutral and invisible piece of non-architecture but for the fact that one man did care passionately what the building looked like. The LCC found they were negotiating – or failing to negotiate – with someone who combined the stone-bottomed immovability of a Molotov with the unshakable convictions of a Dulles; who was prepared to use every ounce of his authority to implement his determination, to the extent of persuading Shell to threaten to remove the whole operation to Amsterdam, thus depriving the LCC of all those lovely rateable values.

Sir Howard Robertson has got the building he wanted all along, and the hell of it is, you have to applaud him for sticking to his professional guns and doing the right thing by his clients' intentions as he understood them. An architect is more or less morally obliged to stand by a design that he believes to be right. It is in this, precisely, that the Shell building differs from the eyesores in the City, put up by what Nikolaus Pevsner calls 'Criminal-Architects' and designed simply on margins and percentages. The form of such buildings is governed solely by considerations of return on investment, and architecture (*sic*) is restricted to tarting up the parts that are close enough to the ground to be noticed. But not the Shell Building. Here is a genuine architect's concept that has been realised, through thick and thin, in almost exactly the form in which he originally conceived it.

Again, one has to admire the man for the way he has dealt with his critics. Unlike Shell themselves, who have circulated a briefing document instructing their mouthpieces in techniques for turning away wrath, Anti-Ugly demonstrators etc., Sir Howard has been forthright, answered his critics knock for knock, and takes his stand on the proposition that this is technically and mechanically the right building for the job. In other words, he is prepared to stake his reputation on matters of fact that can be evaluated objectively, rather than on matters of fashion, whose revenges may be double-edged.

For anyone to be so tough-minded in a middle-of-the-road position (Butskellite seems the correct *demodé* comparison) is pretty extraordinary anywhere these days, but in architecture it is unique, since men in much more extreme architectural positions than he, both academic and modern, are usually much more inclined to compromise. I doubt if anything will ever make me like the Shell Building, but I expect to spend quite a bit of time correcting people who try to lump its architect together with the developers' toadies in the City. Unlike them, he deserves a fair trial.

Half-Truths

JOHN COLEMAN

The cinema, even more than the theatre, is permanently ajar to the insidious incursions of ballyhoo. Gloria Swanson was playing a part in *Sunset Boulevard*, but part of the part she was playing was Gloria Swanson. And now Brigitte Bardot comes before us in Clouzot's *La Vérité* (dubbed at the Columbia and sub-titled at the Curzon) as a golden wanton who ends with slashed wrists; and it is hard, remembering all those newspaper reports of a year or so ago, to dissociate fiction from the realities. B.B. has, anyway, been such a special case from the first: the moulded moppet of publicists and directors, unusually beautiful and unusually repetitive in her easy, amoral matings. It seems quite likely that many a moody provincial maidenhead has been yielded up in Paris or London or Copenhagen on not much more warrant than her screened assurances, that she has *set* a style – in short – rather than mirrored one.

In her latest, best piece, she scurries from bourgeois home to the Left Bank, nabs her serious, musical sister's young man (Samy Frey), betrays and shoots him: *La Vérité* finds her in court, on trial for murder, while two hours of celluloid attempt – by inquiry and flashback – to fix the depth of her guilt. The court room bobs densely with dark, serried heads; prosecution and defence are heatedly, histrionically conducted; Clouzot has already explained, in a minute of filmed preface, that French judicial procedures are unlikely to resemble ours. It is all, certainly, very remote from *Boyd, QC*: it is acrimonious, hurtful, subtle and exciting. So, in their pretty familiar way, are the brief, explanatory episodes that cut in and out of the questioning: B.B. falling in love with Frey and making him wait, riding off for the night on another boy's motor-bike, rhumbaing her bottom under a sheet, drowzing gloomily while Frey conducts a scratch orchestra, selling herself with a shrug to an American tourist. Glimpses like these do carry the eye and a sort of interest compulsively forward: Clouzot has always known how to keep one, however faintly, pursuing. What, in retrospect, is hardly supplied is something for the intelligence – few ironic differences emerge between what the world, as seen in the court room, judges Bardot to be – a *gamine* Jezebel – and what she, as seen in flashback, actually is. The moral sense, in true Clouzot fashion, is left utterly undernourished, though with a mild urticaria from so much display of legal indecency and bullying: the final effect is of a news item inflated by human detail but uninformed by human sympathy.

I must try to liberate a log-jam of other viewings. Fons Rademaker's *The Knife* (Cameo-Poly) moves from a stolidly Dutch opening into a remarkable study of an adolescent boy's reluctant awakening into sexual awareness, *via* his mother's enslavement by a tutor: I am as weary of symbols as the next man, but that knife, stolen from a missionary exhibition, is craftily wielded and there is a stunning dream-sequence (*nothing* to do with Bunuel, hooray) that genuinely helps on the emotional argument. John Cassavetes's *Too Late Blues* came recently to the Plaza and I've less to add to my previous notice than I anticipated: the early sequences – an impromptu baseball game, in particular – are as fresh and invigorating as I

This weekend in

THE SUNDAY TIMES

YOUR TEENAGE DAUGHTER

Dilemma of the Middle-Class Parent

The much-publicised yellow golliwog on the gym-slip has become a sad little badge of non-chastity among some British schoolgirls. But it might also serve as a symbol of the problems facing the parents — especially middle-class parents — of teenage daughters in 1961.

Affluent Society 'Debs'

The true " debutante " of the Affluent Society is the wage-earning teenager. It is this socially and economically "emancipated" girl who sets the standards and fashions which will be copied by the middle-class sixth-form schoolgirl. And it is comparison of her own relatively restricted environment with the other's freedom that makes the public and grammar schoolgirl feel excluded from the vital cult of the teenager.

This is one of many significant points made in a searching and enlightening inquiry — Britain's TEENAGE DAUGHTERS — which begins in THE SUNDAY TIMES this weekend.

Challenges and Debunks

Based on scores of interviews with parents, teachers, sociologists, doctors, youth leaders, religious leaders, welfare workers and probation officers, this survey presents the *facts* behind the titillating headlines, dry statistics and righteous rumblings which surround our teenagers. Much of it is startling in its debunking of the popular, pre-packaged image of the nation's youth. It stresses that the roots of the "teenage problem" are not *wholly* concerned with sexual morality.

The Facts *You* Can't Ignore

This is a penetrating insight into the morals, manners and motives of Britain's teenage population. Few parents of teenage daughters will fail to recognise in it something of their own predicament — and *none* can afford to *ignore* it.

The Seven Deadly Sins

—BY SEVEN FAMOUS AUTHORS

The Seven Deadly Sins retain their hold on our imagination even though for many they have lost their theological sanction. THE SUNDAY TIMES has invited seven famous authors—on a one-man, one-sin basis—to reconsider them in the light of their own beliefs and experiences and of the contemporary moral climate. And as several members of this symposium on sin are lethal satirists there is a leavening of sardonic wit in their treatment of this serious subject. The first of this series of brilliant studies begins this Sunday with ANGUS WILSON. He will be followed by EVELYN WAUGH, EDITH SITWELL, W. H. AUDEN, CYRIL CONNOLLY, PATRICK LEIGH-FERMOR and CHRISTOPHER SYKES.

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remembered them; the resultant turns of plot as wet and cliché-hung as ever. The cinematic find appears to be the girl, Stella Stevens. and I should perhaps have mentioned Everett Chambers's performance as the wicked musicians' agent, disconcertingly reminiscent of a small, transatlantic Richard Hoggart. *Sail a Crooked Ship* (New Victoria) has Ernie Kovacs as a safe-buster, in captain's uniform and on the high seas, fingering and dropping a Queeg-like handful of ball-bearings. Its remaining humorous potential is embodied in Carolyn Jones, who does her best with almost nothing at all.

There has been and gone a week of Polish cinema at the Curzon, six films of which I managed to see four. Aleksander Ford's *Knights of the Teutonic Order*, the first great Polish spectacular, drags in places, but has fine moments, incited by (perhaps), but not stolen from, Eisenstein and from Olivier's *Henry V*. A long, historical saga, it shows charming signs of sending itself up gently in the early stages. Jerzy Kawalerowicz's *Mother Joan of the Angels* takes over where the recent stage production of *The Devils* leaves off: an incredibly chaste priest comes to cure the randy prioress and gets caught in the game. The camera commutes between the nunnery and a Bergman inn and I found the whole series of excursions a riveting, though pretentious, business.

Poor People

ROGER GELLERT

Henry Livings, whose *Big Soft Nellie* has now arrived at the Theatre Royal, Stratford E, after a previous incarnation at Oxford, is the most eloquent champion of the underdog since Chaplin: but unlike Chaplin, he refuses to let pathos seep into the proceedings. My earlier impression of the not-quite-with-it radio-electrician Stanley (pronounced Thtanerley) as a comic Woyzeck was strengthened on a second viewing of *Nellie*, especially by the more human production it now has, and by the new Stanley of Bryan Pringle, who would not be unworthy of Büchner. James Booth, who played the part at Oxford, externalised it into caricature; Mr Pringle never does. He is large, wooden, adenoidal and helpless, but not grotesque. And as he takes himself perfectly seriously, he is not so much pained as deeply puzzled by the mirth he provokes in his colleagues. Like Woyzeck, he is simple, good with his hands, full of moral thoughts, exploited by his masters, troubled by visions; and one can easily conceive that if sex became an issue with Stanley, comedy might darken to squalid tragedy.

But Stanley, luckily for him, is under-sexed (in spite of knowing talk about women's armpits, the flies of his combinations are symbolically stitched up). He is on view in Mr Livings's play as a social animal, and the cry of '*Wir arme Leut*' is transposed into the cosier conventions of North-Country farce, preserving the helplessness but lessening the pain. Pain in any case with Livings, is inflicted and endured fatalistically, with remarkable lack of malice or embitterment, and the injustice here is personal, not a matter of class. Stanley, though slightly underpaid by his boss Mr Marris, for whom he repairs radios and tellies, is appreciated as a craftsman. It is the laughter of colleagues that riles him, the wear and tear of dealing with boors and nits. 'In and out, in and out, like a stinking boat-race,' he complains to the audience. 'There's some stinking rules that they know and I don't.'

'They' in this case are the bizarre trio of Mr Marris (sumptuously played by Roy Kinnear as a sweating pink blancmange, an ulcer-racked Humpty-Dumpty who, like Stanley, longs to be taken seriously), his assistant Mr Twigg, Stanley's needling tormentor (Bob Grant, a Mancunian Ralph Lynn, all teeth, bow-tie and weedy rakishness), and Benny, the totally non-functional odd-job-boy, who lives in a daze of spies, judo and Science Fiction induced by the telly (Griffith Davies, a sneakered epitome of misdirected energy, is superb). Stanley's eventual self-assertion takes the form of an *acte gratuit*, the removal of Mr Marris' TV cabinet, which brings in the classic comedy policeman and an over-long, discursive inquisition in the later stages of which the play is virtually becalmed, the one time when Mr Livings loses his zany but subtle grip on the audience. With this sequence pruned, and Stanley's no less otiose Ma removed from the action, *Big Soft Nellie*, for all its structural faults, would be the funniest and most original British play of the year. It is incomparably more genuine than, say, *Billy Liar;* as fresh, spontaneous and sympathetic as *The Keep* is heavy, literary and mechanical; and the main performances are sheer delight.

I had only known Charles Marowitz, the American apostle of the Method in Britain, author of the recent *The Method as Means**, as a banal and turgid theorist; so it was an agreeable surprise to find, at a performance by In-Stage (the London Method cell) of his short piece *The Removal*, that he can in fact write plays. Death comes to one of two elderly newly-weds in the shape of a removal firm, mysteriously called to remove the bridegroom because of 'faulty construction' A gruesome and often riotous struggle develops as Darby tries to ditch Joan and vice versa. Mr Marowitz's view of the *danse macabre* as a malicious farce works surprisingly well; but I saw no trace of Method in his madness. The review at the Lyric, Hammersmith, *Out of my Mind*, is a long string of half-cock explosions and ideas with no pay-off. Patricia Routledge, a beefy English rose, rescues one or two numbers. The rest is dead silence.

Girls from Senegal

ANNABEL FARJEON

When a girl from Senegal goes to pick something up from the floor, she does not bend her knees, but sticks out her behind and leans over. In this posture, the body bent forward at various set angles, the girls do a great deal of their dancing It is not complicated, apart from the rhythm which the tom-toms weave in and out like the threads of a cat's cradle. The grip of this rhythm and the general overwhelming friendliness are the two most important qualities of The African Dance Company at the Princes Theatre Whether the dancers eat fire, or strut and joke, or, shrieking like parrots, fall in fits on the floor there is no sham about them: it is all as real to them as to us. The costumes, as with almost all national styles except the Soviet, where they are modernised, are fine and bold The magic men with bits of rag tied at intervals up their legs, the horned witch doctor, the ceremonial robes printed with gawdy fishes and birds, all have an impact that few professional stage designers ever achieve. Besides this, the decor by Jacques Bataille is always to the point but subtly unobtrusive.

**Jenkins*. 16s.

There are too many similar dances, and yet, because of their inexhaustible energy, I enjoyed them to the end. The fishermen, canoeing up river, was one of the most original: the man who drew in the net expressed all his anxiety and hope in the waggling of his bottom. Waggling of bottoms and bosoms is, of course, almost continuous. The melodies are played on stringed instruments which, in contrast to the almost unmitigated crescendo of the tom-toms, are frail and wailing.

Strauss's Detour

ALEXANDER GOEHR

The very qualities which contributed to Richard Strauss's great success in his lifetime may today obscure a proper view of his later achievement. The fluency of musical invention and the virtuosity of his stage technique combined with a certain limitation of expressive range to form a musical idiom ideally suited to the neither comic nor tragic later operas. This once popular neo-Mozartian ideal of opera was one of the less admirable legacies of Strauss's collaborator, Hofmannsthal. But a style which provided witty and tastefully arranged classical subjects with undemanding music seemed highly successful in the opera houses of the 20s and 30s. The daring and expressionist post-Wagnerian of *Zarathustra, Electra* and *Salome* had become the elegant would-be Mozartian. Strauss himself did not see it like that. According to Stefan Zweig, the librettist of *The Silent Woman*, he was convinced that as an art-form, opera was dead. 'But,' added Strauss with a broad Bavarian grin, 'I solved the problem by making a detour round it.'

The Silent Woman, which has now been taken into the Covent Garden repertoire, was Strauss's first opera after the death of Hofmannsthal. With great perception he chose Stefan Zweig as a successor, and Zweig in his free version of Ben Jonson's *Epicoene* produced a fluent if rather academically conceived libretto. There are plenty of vivacious characters and the minimum demand for profound invention. Strauss specifically asked to be spared situations requiring sustained melodic paragraphs. The central character, Aminta in the opera, calls out for music: first the shy, reticent country girl, then the raging virago. (This difficult role was sung at Covent Garden last week by a newcomer, Barbara Holt – a gallant if as yet inadequate performance.) Zweig moved the period from Jonson's 16th to his own rather fake idea of the 18th century. Jonson's wit, which would have defeated Strauss in any case, was replaced by the *gemütlich* and the businessman's joke. Doubtless the authors agreed with Jonson: 'Many things that seem foul in the doing, do please, done'.

All this was likely to be good box office. In 1934 Strauss had just become President of the Nazi Chamber of Music, and all was set for a triumph. Zweig was a Jew, but certain of his books, especially *Fouché*, were popular with the Nazis. According to Zweig, Hitler himself read the libretto of *The Silent Woman* before the performance in Dresden was allowed. But there was a scandal over an intercepted letter from Strauss which was offensive about the Nazis, and the opera was taken off. As a result everything that Strauss and Zweig planned for their work went amiss, and 30 years later it has to be assessed as if it were new.

At the first English performance at Covent Garden, the singers had their eyes glued to the conductor: not the happiest circumstances for a work designed as a vehicle for virtuoso singing and acting. Strauss's harmonic and gently polyphonic idiom still seems to cause difficulty. His style has narrowed since the early works, but on paper at least the harmony is quite complex, even if the Wagnerian shifting chromatic relationships have simply become a device for renewing a musical phrase. There is an inevitable decrease in musical intensity, leading to that elegant, devitalised lyrical idiom which is usually called 'autumnal'. It would be wrong to condemn *The Silent Woman* out of hand for its shortage of ideas. The work is brilliantly adept, and finely imagined for the stage. The many finales, if well performed, are effective and fast-moving. At Covent Garden the orchestra under Rudolf Kempe plays well; and the singing may improve.

All-Schoenberg

DAVID DREW

Even as little as five years ago, the idea of an all-Schoenberg concert at the Royal Festival Hall would either have been laughed out of court, or grimly carried through to a lingering death in a Sahara of empty seats. But last week, in honour of the tenth anniversary of the composer's death, the BBC Symphony Orchestra under Bruno Maderna presented a complete programme of his works, and no one seemed to notice that anything very extraordinary had happened.

The myths of Schoenberg the unplayable and Schoenberg the unbearable have been widely dislodged. Some of the works – the Variations we heard last Wednesday, the Violin Concerto which we've heard quite often – are already beyond the last barricades. Wednesday's concert introduced something quite new to British audiences, the very beautiful and powerful *Prelude to Genesis*. It is one of those works – the *Survivor from Warsaw*, heard at the same concert, is another – which so compress the sequence of events that one loses all sense of temporal scale. The stampede section in *The Survivor* is profoundly disturbing because for one moment – no more – Schoenberg substitutes a kind of qualified repetition for the methods of intensive variation he has used up to that point. Rhythmically it is as violent as anything in *The Rite of Spring*, but in this context violence has a very positive function. The irregular regularity of the three-against-two rhythmic ground is the apogee of the work's whole rhythmic development, suddenly introducing to this very strict orbit a feeling of the interminable, and therefore irresistible. But out of this rhythmic crisis the disorganised victims of the pogrom suddenly discover the power of the collective. *Unisono*, they join together in the *Shema Yisroel*. It is one of the few great moments in music which is revolutionary in a social as well as a musical sense.

Yet the whole drama, incredibly, takes only a few minutes of music. One of the real difficulties of making a Schoenberg programme is that the sheer compositional pressure in each of his mature works is so intense. He is the only great composer who has never written useful programme fillers.

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KENNETH
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The BBC tried to solve the problem by including the early *Verklärte Nacht*, but with all respect to that work, the choice was, I think, an error. Any of Schoenberg's late tonal works would have served the same purpose more effectively. Alternatively, the programme might with advantage have been shorter. If one work less had bought us a better performance of the others, we would have been well rewarded.

Diminutives

DAVID SYLVESTER

The exhibition of Victorian Painting 1837-1887 at Agnew's is a catholic and entertaining miscellany. Among the 140 items, I think there are 25 or 30 of real quality. The outstandings things are, perhaps, Ford Madox Brown's tiny portrait, painted by gaslight, of William Rossetti, Holman Hunt's *Love at First Sight* and smaller version of *The Hireling Shepherd*, Arthur Hughes's small duplicate of *April Love*, Watts's *Portrait of Lady Holland on a Day-Bed*, and – a real piece of European painting – Keene's *An Artist's Studio*. If none of these pictures is bigger than 14 inches by 17, it is not because I myself have a special predilection for the miniscule. It's commonly agreed that the Victorian painters worked best on a small scale. This is remarkable in view of the fact that contemporary British architects worked superbly on a very large scale; generally, building big goes together with painting big. Admittedly, there never was a time when history-painting thrived here, but portraiture and landscape had previously provided between them plenty of pictures that were sizable and successful.

If the Victorians only painted well on a small scale, it is clearly because the content of their painting also tends to be small in scale, quite deliberately eschews the tragic, the sublime, the grand, the momentous. It concentrates on all that is tender and refined, on all in man that is tamed, domesticated – for reasons which are not hard to seek in the Victorian ethos of the family and their enthronement of the super-ego. As Graham Reynolds puts it in the catalogue, 'A painting in which the extremes of remorse or contrition or despair were expressed was not suitable for hanging in a private house'. The prevailing *pudeur* isn't restricted to sexy subjects. Just as some of the most tremulously erotic images of the female figure ever painted have to be divined – as in Millais' *Mariana* – through the way in which the clothes caress the body, so feelings of other kinds are clothed in an equal decorum.

This need for concealment also seems to have determined the stylistic tendencies of Victorian painting. For it is not only its human content that is clothed but also its aesthetic. Painterly preoccupations are not allowed into the open, have to be disguised by the pretext that the picture is altogether concerned with the anecdote it illustrates: we have to look hard to see how much good painting there is in a Holman Hunt. Most painting of the past has been designed to be accessible at several levels, according to the degree to which the spectator shared the preoccupations peculiar to painters. The painting typical of our own time has tended to exclude any level of appreciation short of the painter's own. Victorian painting – and this is its great difference from the Dutch *genre* painting in which it was rooted – seems to have been intended to delude its patrons into believing that painters do not have preoccupations beyond those of respectable citizens.

Oddly enough, even after Whistler and the Aesthetic Movement, something of that need to play Art down lingered among painters in this country. It is found in Sickert's cultivated pose of the artist as professional craftsman. And in his resentment of Cézanne, which was basically a resentment against a naked commitment to Art. This kind of resentment has not disappeared from British attitudes. If the Victorians dissolve art in morality, we tend to dissolve it in urbanity. It is one reason why we don't produce Braques or Mondrians, and why the best artists we do produce have to find their markets overseas. Even if our artists are now beginning to feel less ashamed of the idea that art is concerned with ultimate things, it remains broadly true of our collectors that a painting in which the extremes of remorse or contrition or despair are expressed is not suitable for hanging in a private house.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,659 Set by Norman MacKenzie

The usual prizes for the Ten New Commandments. Entries by 19 December.

Result of No. 1,656 Set by J. S. Fidgen

T. S. Eliot's introduction to the poetry of Kipling is well-known. Competitors are invited to supply an extract from Kipling's introduction to the poetry of Eliot. Or Tennyson's introduction to the poetry of Auden.

Report

Competitors rose cunningly to the occasion. The need for Tennyson and Kipling to return the compliment and extol their authors' work provided the worst of the difficulties; but few competitors flinched from it and few spent their entry abusing Eliot and Auden. D. Hawes offered a very plausible Kipling's choice:

> His best remains, and this I have gladly printed: the rhythms, such as might have fired the Tribe a thousand years ago, of 'Sweeney Agonistes' and other theatre pieces; the divers cats observed by jungle-eyed Old Possum; the landscapes of New and Old England, as in 'New Hampshire' and parts of the *Four Quartets*; the expression in 'Coriolan' of the statesman's triumph and self-questionings, both inseparable from his Burden.

Two guineas each to the entries printed.

KIPLING ON ELIOT

The style is new and the setting's strange
But otherwise I perceive no change,
Though I've themes more gay, by a jolly sight,
Than your Rhapsody on a Windy Night!
The spacing's odd and the chorus strange
But otherwise I perceive no change:
In a hangover mood, with a half-filled pen,
I'll write you an Ode to the Hollow Men.

The lines are long, the theology's strange,
But otherwise I perceive no change,
Though a page and a half (or at most, two pages)
Is all I'd have spent on The Dry Salvages.

The rhythm's rough and the rhymes are strange
But otherwise I perceive no change,
My Cat that Walked, for sheer depravity,
Was clearly a model for your Macavity!

A. M. ROBERTSON

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KIPLING ON ELIOT

In these most 'Scruciating and Corruptious Times, O my Best Beloved, there lives a very 'Stute Poet whose poems are even more 'sceedingly 'stute than he is. (If you are full of 'satiable curiosity, you may read some of them in this book.) He lives right Bang (though it is really a Whimper) in the Centre of a Doleful Desolation made perfick'ly hijjus by Hollow Men stuffed with housemaids and 'Cclesiastical 'Potamuses sprouting over area gates; and there in his bowier hat and crooked-pin-stripey trousers (don't forget the trousers, Best Beloved) he sits in a Handful of Dust measuring out his life with a coffee spoon and writing his very 'Stute Poems on cactus leaves with a rat's-bone pen. And sometimes the bottoms of his trousers get into his ink and sometimes into his coffee, which is why, O Best Beloved, he wears them rolled.

R. A. McKenzie

TENNYSON ON AUDEN

His large albino head and loose-limbed body gave him in youth the appearance of a Nordic chieftain; in later years this appearance was less marked . . . . Of his poetic development, Herr Marx, Herr Freud and Herr Magister Kierkegaard must be allowed chiefly to speak; but this opinion I will venture: whereas some of his more distinguished forbears have expressed in their poems religious doubt, Mr Auden, by subsequent revisions, has endeavoured to conceal from readers his early heresies. Whereas some of us have recognised the necessity of believing where we cannot prove, he would seem by these revisions to have attempted the reverse of that process. He seems not always to have escaped from what we have called elsewhere 'the blighting influence of a recklessly speculative age'.

Timothy Rogers

The Countryside

EDWARD HYAMS

One of the 5,000 reasons why I prefer country to town is that the details composing the scene are more diverse and engaging. I enjoy being amazed, filled with admiration and curiosity; the country has much, the city little to arouse these feelings, presumably because there are but one species and half a dozen varieties of the genus *Homo*. Tens of thousands of species of our fellow genera, especially among the plants, have such enormously more beautiful and curious ways of expressing themselves than we have – excepting a very small minority of painters, poets and composers, mostly dead. This mortifying comparison is prompted by my having spent an hour looking at a collection of tropical orchids; and a couple of hours reading, and looking at the admirable plates in it, Professor Walter Kupper's *Orchids* (Nelson, 42*s*.).

But it is not only in diversity of form and colour that orchids surpass people; nor even in being more grotesque; it is also in their extraordinary behaviour. It seems that a single plant of, for example, *Catleya* may produce in its lifetime something like a 1,000 million seeds; of these, although several may germinate, only one reaches maturity, for *catleya* populations remain stable in any given habitat. The study of orchids – the only ones I grow myself are the hardy North American terrestrial cypripediums – leads at first to confirmation of the notion that the ultimate anthropomorphism lies in explaining plant and insect behaviour reasonably. Yet I don't know: I imagined a thinking orchid, say an *Oncidium*, foolishly addicted to oncidiomorphism. If it reasoned from its own needs in trying to explain, for example, the mobility of the species *H. sapiens*, it would, as a matter of fact, get the right answer. Try this: imagine yourself a plant, limit your experience to that plant's, and with that as data, consider mankind. It works rather well. But, and this supports my admiration for the diversity and eccentricity of plants, it is *less* easy to understand what I will chance calling phytoperversity from a human point of view.

Take, for example, *Ficus carica*, the common fig-tree. I have been planting half a dozen varieties of figs here in Devon, having long since discovered that this fruit grows and crops and ripens well in England, and not only in the south but as far north as Yorkshire and especially in Suffolk. The figs to plant are those which require no cross-pollination. These varieties belong to the same species as the majority which, however, not only require 'caprification' but have made it very difficult of accomplishment by carrying the flower *inside* the fruitlet and providing such exiguous access to it that pollination can be carried out only by one species of insect, a minute wasp. There is an obvious advantage in doing without the services of this fig-wasp, *Blastophaega psenes*, and it is revealed by the fact that when figs were first introduced to America they bore no fruit until the Italian peasants whom American growers had the good sense to consult told them about the fig-wasp. Why, then, have not all the trees in the species adopted this more efficient device of self-fertilisation? For fear of degeneration by inbreeding? In that case, why do *some* varieties run this risk?

Another pleasure of plant-loving is that you can almost see evolution working. I have been planting that noblest of flowering shrubs, *Rhododendron sinogrande*, because I hope it may do well in the very mild, damp climate of our garden. If your stock of this species comes from the valleys of its habitat in Western China, it is tender; if from the mountain, hardy. But there is no specific difference. As the species spread from its first habitat, it adapted itself to the changing conditions. A very experienced and clever professional gardener of my acquaintance, in charge of the National Trust's wonderful garden of exotics at Overbecks near Salcombe, believes that already, after only about a century or less in this country, that pretty little New Zealand tree *Pittosporum tenuifolium* is going through this process of hardening so that there is advantage in growing your specimens from seed collected in England rather than in New Zealand.

Have all species, potential in the genes, a vaster range than the one they actually inhabit? No doubt they have, and other potentialities also. In the New World the *Vitis* population (grape-vines) are resistant to certain fungus parasites; Old World *vites* are not. But research workers at the Leningrad Institute of Applied Botany (I hope I have the name right) have found that this resistance is potential in Caucasian wild grapevines, the stock ancestral to our vineyard cultivars. Plant a few hundred thousand seeds of these wild vines, infect the plantation with the fungus disease in question, select the one or two resistant individuals to breed from, and you develop a resistant stock in a few generations. The interference of man simply realises a latent attribute which has never been called forth because it was not needed. But why, then, was it present *in potentia*? It is as if the proto-vine knew that the fungus existed somewhere and might become dangerous!

N.B.

Next week on ITV

Monday December 11 at 7.00 p.m,* **'All Our Yesterdays'**. The Abdication. Twenty-five years ago the King made known his decision to marry an American who had been twice married before. Monday December 11 at 10.30 p.m,† **TEN YEARS**: Lord Hailsham, Conservative Minister of Science, and George Brown, Labour M.P., are cross-examined by three members of each party. "Are we better off than we were ten years ago?" "Is our influence in world affairs stronger or weaker?". Tuesday December 12 at 8.00 p.m, 'Personal Appearance': **THE AFRICAN DANCE COMPANY FROM SENEGAL** present **'Rhythms of Africa'**. The sensational all-black dancers now appearing at Princes Theatre, London. Wednesday December 13 at 7.00 p.m,* **'TELL THE WORLD'**: Dom Mintoff, Prime Minister of Malta, is challenged about Maltese affairs by students from four different countries. Wednesday December 13 at 9.40 p.m, **'PARIS: THE CANCER WITHIN'**. A Granada Special on the French-Algerian war. A Granada team has spent the last three weeks gathering material on the civil war which is destroying the heart of an otherwise prosperous country. Friday December 15 at 8.55 p.m, **BOOTSIE AND SNUDGE.** Friday December 15 at 10.35 p.m,‡ 'Appointment with...' Malcolm Muggeridge talks with **DAME PATRICIA HORNSBY-SMITH.**

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City Lights

TAURUS

Even in everyday English, which has reduced both to the ranks of dead metaphors, gold is still much superior to silver. For bankers, who have learnt to be monotheists, it has maintained its superiority not only by being scarcer and more expensive but by remaining almost entirely useless. Indian and French peasants may hoard their gold necklaces and coins, but the concentrated appetite of all the jewellers, dentists and picture-framers in the world would make a very small dent, at the present prices, on the US gold reserve.

Silver is another matter. Silver candlesticks, of course, are valuable as well as pretty, and silver coinage is still a matter of prestige – de Gaulle is putting the new franc back into silver in the same way as he is refurbishing Versailles. But the main demand for silver comes from industry, electricians who find it cheaper than platinum and photographers who have yet to find a substitute for it at any price. The US itself is using much more silver for industrial purposes, let alone coinage, than it produces. The scheme it has been running for the past couple of centuries to support and stabilise the world price of silver was bound to break down sooner or later: and for the past couple of years, during which the free market price in London has exceeded the US government price (which meant, of course, that the US government had plenty of buyers and few sellers) it has been obvious that the system would soon have to be changed. Speculation brought forward the date by accelerating the drain on the US silver reserve, and the inevitable decision to suspend sales was taken last week. The price has not risen with a bound, as when the tin price support scheme ran out of money. If the US government succeeds in persuading Congress to waive the silver backing for its note issue, it will have lots of silver to spare; and even a modest rise from the pegged 91⅝c. to about $1.1 an ounce would probably be enough not only to encourage more mining (silver has recently been a by-product) but induce people to bring out hoards and melt down coins. But the speculators in silver, who can operate much more cheaply and excitingly than speculators in shares, have at last profited from their patience in waiting for the inevitable.

* * *

Only a few speculators, however, with the inexorable logic of the mad, have assumed that what did for silver last week will do next week for gold. The price of gold, which is still primarily a measure of confidence in the value of currencies in general and of the dollar in particular, has been kept well down by Grandma's vigorous tactics in the market. That is not to say that everything is well – far from it. The pound has been remarkably firm in the exchange markets for months past, and its price scarcely wavered when the government's ineptitude, culminating in the muddle over electricity wages, caused respectable newspapers to break the unwritten rules and discuss the pros and cons of devaluation more openly than ever before. But it was another matter altogether when devaluation stumbled into the headlines of the *Daily Mail*. The Treasury was besieged with enquiries and had to do overtime once again explaining what the Chancellor had really said. It decided to repay another £50m. in advance to the International Monetary Fund as proof that we could afford to be neighbourly; but still the thing was widely reported abroad, the pound fell sharply and the exchange markets were filled with any rumour which seemed plausible. The most obvious, that the Italian lira was to be revalued upwards, was promptly and indignantly denied. The pressure on sterling was relieved by the news that the gold reserve, despite the £50m. repayment, had risen by £9m. in November. But the precise timing of changes in the reserve no longer has much significance, and the short-term influences which have helped sterling during the past few months are now probably weakening.

* * *

Bids are coming back. The most interesting bid of the week has taken place in the brewing industry, where concentration has been most rapid in the past few years and which is still unfashionably prosperous. Colonel Whitbread has made no secret of his dislike of the bid business; to beat it he invented the Whitbread umbrella under which family brewing firms would sell him a packet of shares, relatively small but sufficient to deter a potential bidder, in exchange for a trading agreement. But the umbrella is beginning to perish. Whitbread is now bidding for Tennants of Sheffield which has been under the umbrella for years past and in which it holds a 15 per cent interest; the family directors (who hold another 28 per cent) are recommending the bid. Speculators in brewery shares now have another 20-plus umbrella shares to play with on the assumption that the Whitbread Investment Company will soon hold nothing but Whitbread 'A' shares.

The sort of thing which forced Colonel Whitbread to revise his principles is the simultaneous United Breweries (dynamic, Canadian Mr Taylor) bid for Hewitts, a Grimsby brewer, for control of which an imaginative City banker beat both Bass and Whitbread a couple of years ago. The bank is taking the bid; prices, even in paper, are getting too high to refuse.

Company News

Most of the company news – if you pass *Consett Iron's* shocking decision to pay no interim dividend, the expected increase in *Granda* TV's profit, with the ending of the networking agreement with A-R, from £2.3m. to £6.4m., and the *Cotton-Clore's* property tie-up with Mr Wolfson – is of bids.

Ranks and *Hovis-MacDougall* are to take concentration in flour-milling one stage further; the loaf will presumably go up by yet another halfpenny.

Trust Houses is bidding for Lockhart, which not only goes in for mass-catering but has a big interest in vending machines.

Metal Box is taking over *Wallis Tin Stamping*, *Harveys* is taking over a whiskey firm, and *Courtaulds*, having bid for another small paint firm (*Paripan*), has withdrawn in face of opposition from the controlling family directors.

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The Chess Board

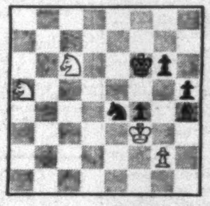
No. 630. Not Guilty.

Not guilty of what? Why, plagiarism of course, for considering that players, unwittingly, tend to repeat other people's games, much the same may happen in the case of an endgame study. It happens more frequently than one might imagine, but then it seems obvious enough that, once a given opening variation has led to certain combinative complications, a move-by-move repeat-performance should logically ensue. And much the same may apply when two study-composers, unaware of one another, are bent on the neatest possible presentation of one and the same idea. Take this miniature published by Leonid Kubbel in 1928. /8/k2p4/8/2PKB3/16/4kt3/8/. White wins by 1) Kd6, Kt c1; 2) Bd4! (Kd7:?), Ka8!; 3) Kd7:, Ktb3; 4) c6, Kta5; 5) c7, Ktc6!; 6) c8=R †!!, Ktb8†; 7)Kd6 etc. Now here, pursuing the same idea with a simplified approach is a 1st prize-winner (1949) by H. F. Blandford. /8/k2K4/24/2B5/2P5/6kt1/. Solution: 1) Bd4†,Ka8!; 2) c4, Ktd2; 3) c5, Ktb3, etc. Had Blandford been aware of the late master's piece he would have certainly mentioned it when publishing his own very neat approach to the same idea; and it is just as certain that the great A. P Guliajev was unaware of Blandford's piece when he included precisely the same thing in the 1956 selection of his own studies and problems.

I took this from H. Staudte's new booklet *Aus der Welt der Schachstudie* (publ. by *H. Loeffler* at DM.7.80); these wisely selected 168 pieces by some sixty composers, certainly convey an idea of the prodigious wealth and beauty of modern study-composition. Moreover, each author is fittingly introduced and each solution lucidly explained. Here (in fairness to Guliajev) is one of his neat stalemate studies. (1952). /16/7kt/6p1/6p1/8/5P2/3kKt2K/. 1) Ktd3, Ke2; 2) Kte5, Kf1! [. . . Kf2:? would fail against Ktg4:†]; 3) Ktg4:! [Even so!], Ktg4:; 4) f4,Ktf2†; 5) Kh2, gf4:; the draw being inescapable after . . . g4; 6) Kg3 etc.

Facing quite an *embarras de richesse* I might as well conclude with the one and only piece the editor modestly contributes from his own work. Staudte composed it in 1935. /8/5p2/1BKt5/p4kP1/1p3p1K/1pp2P2/1P3P2/8/. White wins by 1) g6!, fg:; and since 2) Ktd4† would merely lead to a draw the proper sequel is 2) Bd4!!, c2; 3) Bh8! (Bg7?), Ke6; 4) Ktd4† etc. As for 1) . . . Kg6: that leads to something rather different, but quite interesting too: 2) Kte5†, Kf5; 3) Ktd3, a4; 4) Bd4!, c2; 5) Ktc1!, Ke6; 6) Kg4!, Kd5; 7) Bf6, Kc4; 8) Kf4:, a3!; 9) Ke3!, a2; 10) Kta2:, ba2:; 11) b3†,Kb3:; 12) Kd2, a1=Q!; 13) Ba1, Ka2; 14) Kc2:, Ka1; 15) Kb3, Kb1; 16) f4! and wins.

A: David Bronstein 1960



The 4-pointer for beginners is an instructive game position. If Black were to lose his BP his winning chances would be dim indeed. Yet, both the P and the Kt are attacked. How did Black solve his problem? (Actually he trapped his opponent into a mating net.) For 6 and 7 ladder-points both **B** and **C** and wins and very pretty too. Usual prizes. Entries by 18 December.

B: A. Efron 1958: /8/3k4/P7/K7/1B6/1p6/16/.

C: V. A. Bron 1946: /6K1/8/4p2q/6kkt/4p1B1/6P1/4Q3/8/.

REPORT on No. 627. Set 17 November

A: bh6!! wins at once.

B: 1) Rd3†,Kc8; 2) Rc3† (depinning No. 1), Kb8; 3) Qc7†! (but Qg3†??,Qe5! is a draw), Ka8; 4) Qa5†! (squinting at b2), Kb7; 5) Qb4†,Ka6; 6) Qa3†,Kb5; 7) Qb2† (depinning No. 2), Ka4; 7) Ra3 mate.

C: 1) Ktf6!!,Rf6: (relatively best); 2) e7,Rfe6(best); 3) g7,Rh6†; 4) Kg2,Rhg6†; 5) Kf3,Rce6; 6) Bc3†,Ka2; 7) Bf6!!,Ref6:†; 8) Ke4,Re6†; 9) Kf5 etc.

Many stumped by C. Prizes: D. E. Cohen, G. W. Richardson, D. H. R. Stallybrass.

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NST4

Many successful writers owe much to the personal guidance of a coach at the London School of Journalism.

In an article, 'Editors are Human', recently published in a Literary Weekly, one successful student in praising the work of the LSJ said: 'I think that the tutor must have spent on occasions two hours or more on my lessons' and 'His comments often run to three or four pages of typescript'.

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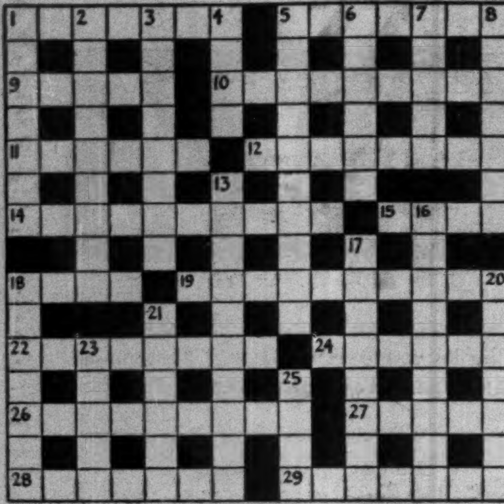
Week-end Crossword 487

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 487, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post 19 December.



ACROSS

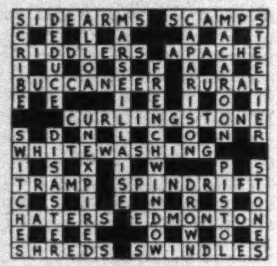
1. Where one can get a place to live in a few hours (7).
5. Trials of a politician in business (7).
9. Language used in translating (5).
10. Is a man held by a brave wiped out? (9).
11. Kill and be boss (6).
12. Practise for the listener in sheer distortion (8).
14. Craftsman whose child is about to mix harmoniously with university men (10).
15. After a quiet start these diseases provide their own cures (4).
18. Weapon for page and general (4).
19. Not back after fighting for a place (10).
22. Moving passage to quote back (8).
24. Various birds (6).
26. Ancient city leaves a trace in the desert (9).
27. College window (5).
28. Full of —— oaths, and bearded like the pard' (*A.Y.L.I.*) (7).
29. Return the sweet because it is hairy? (7).

DOWN

1. Composer liberal in raising children (7).
2. The picture-maker has a lift on a pile of hay (9).
3. Charged for having made an appointment with a chap (8).
4. Period from my early childhood (4).
5. The indicator shows where a number are living (10).
6. Posted when dressed for battle (6).
7. King without hot musician (5).
8. 'His soul shall taste the —— of her might' (Keats) (7)
13. Province where one has a language in the head (10).
16. The chances are there are inaccuracies about an animal (9).
17. Nato tied to the preventative (8).
18. The Irish are about to drink up as Catholics (7).
20. Settled down when home came first (7).
21. Foreign gentlemen go wrong with a bird about (6).
23. Sailor holds a degree for the waterway (5).
25. Do a journalist's job when time is up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 485



PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 485

Mrs R. Jones (Ferry Hinksey)
Ian B. Constable (Welling)
J. S. A. Mumford (Barnet)

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines. Box number 2s. 6d. Prepayment essential. Semi-display giving greater prominence £5 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post. New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1. Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD
HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF SOCIAL AND ADMINISTRATIVE STUDIES

The University proposes shortly to appoint a Head of the Department of Social and Administrative Studies, whose duties will be to give instruction in Modern Social Institutions, to engage in research, and to have charge of the department. Stipend on the scale £1,975 x £75-£2,425.

Applications by 11 January 1962, to the Secretary of Faculties, University Registry, Oxford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

Notice is given that the Readership in Sociology is vacant and that the Electors intend to proceed to an election. The salary will be on the scale £1,975 x £75-£2,425 plus children's allowances.

Applications are invited in nine copies, naming three referees but without testimonials, to be received not later than 11 January 1962 by the Registrar, University Registry, Oxford, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
BINGLEY TRAINING COLLEGE
APPOINTMENT OF PRINCIPAL

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of PRINCIPAL as from 1 September 1962. The College which is situated on a very attractive site overlooking Bingley, has at present 250 women students training for teaching in infant, junior and secondary schools. Major extensions costing some £200,000 are at present being made to the buildings to provide for the expansion of the College to about 350 students in 1962.

A house, pleasantly situated in the College grounds, is provided for the Principal.

The College is governed by its own Governing Body.

Salary at present £2,250 x £50-£2,450 but this is subject to review in the light of a revised Pelham Award.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield, Yorkshire.

DEVON County Council require Psychiatric Social Workers for Child Guidance Service. Candidates should hold the Mental Health Certificate or the equivalent but students in training may apply. Whitley Council Scales and conditions. Details and application forms, returnable (14 days after appearance of advert) from Principal School Medical Officer, 45 St David's Hill, Exeter.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

CEFN COED HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT COMMITTEE, SWANSEA
SENIOR CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST

Applications are invited for this vacant post.

The successful candidate will be expected to develop the psychological services in both Adult and Child Psychiatry under the direction of the Consultant Psychiatrist in each field. A new Hospital Day Centre has been opened in the town, and the demands of the Child Psychiatric Clinic are increasing.

The applicant should have had formal training in clinical psychology and experience in both adult and child psychiatry.

Salary scale: £1,100 x £55 (3)-£1,265 x £45 (3)-£1,400 x £50 (2)-£1,500 per annum. Further details of the post may be obtained from the Medical Superintendent, Cefn Coed Hospital, Swansea, and a preliminary visit is encouraged.

HAYDN WARNER,
Secretary to the Hospital Management Committee.

CITY OF BIRMINGHAM
PUBLIC HEALTH DEPARTMENT
MENTAL HEALTH SERVICE

Psychiatric Social Worker or social worker with casework experience required at Parent Guidance Clinic for work with parents of under school age children showing behaviour problems. Salary scale as prescribed by appropriate Whitley Council. Medical examination. Pension scheme.

Further information from, and applications to, Medical Officer of Health, Trafalgar House, Paradise Street, Birmingham, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF DURHAM
KING'S COLLEGE,
NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE, 1

The Council of King's College invite applications for the post of Master of Painting in the Department of Fine Art. The starting salary will be determined at a suitable point on the Senior Lecturers' Scale £1,975-£2,375 per annum according to age, qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. FSSU and Child Allowance.

Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar and Secretary of King's College, to whom two copies of application, together with the names and addresses of three persons to whom reference may be made, should be addressed so as to reach him not later than 30 December 1961.

NATIONAL Association of Youth Clubs requires Senior Residential Officer to take charge of their Holiday and Training Centre, Kilmory Castle, Lochgilphead, Argyll. Open April to October inclusive. Full residential salary. The NAYC will consider the provision of other work during the remainder of year to suitably qualified applicants who so desire. Apply for partics to: NAYC, 30 Devonshire St, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

NOTTINGHAM TRAINING COLLEGE

Required for September 1962, some 20 SENIOR LECTURERS or LECTURERS covering between them

ART AND CRAFT, BIOLOGY, CHEMISTRY, DIVINITY, EDUCATION, ENGLISH, GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, MATHEMATICS, MUSIC, PHYSICS

This is a new College opened in 1960 for approximately 300 men and 300 women students. Entire new buildings completed in 1961. Salary according to Pelham Scales.

Forms of Application (to be returned by 30 December 1961) and further particulars may be obtained from The Principal, Training College for Teachers, Clifton, Nottingham.

BRISTOL (near)
KINGSWOOD TRAINING AND CLASSIFYING SCHOOLS

Kennard Road, Kingswood
Principal: R. H. Adams MA, BSc.

Applications are invited for appointment as WARDEN of a proposed new and experimental closed unit for twenty boys. Although small, this unit is likely to present complex problems. Salary for qualified teachers will be in accordance with the Burnham Scale with additional allowances of not less than £120 p.a. (approved school addition), £216 p.a. (extraneous duty) and £270 p.a. (special responsibility) – (the amounts of these allowances are under consideration). Persons who are not qualified teachers will also be considered; salary to be fixed according to degrees, other qualifications and experience. A house will be available at a reasonable rental.

Requests for application form (s.a.e. foolscap) should be sent to the Principal who will be pleased to send further details.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
SUPERVISION OF CHILDREN'S HOMES

Trained social worker required for supervision of children's homes and residential nurseries. Work covers the whole county and entails general oversight of twenty-seven homes and three nurseries: it includes discussion of children's problems and case work relating to children in residential care, staff matters, and advice on maintenance and equipment: experience in control of staff very desirable. Commencing salary, according to qualifications and experience, on APTD Grade III (£960-£1,140). Car for officer's sole use provided by the County Council. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 18 December.

CO-EDUCATIONAL boarding school, 20, requires Secretary-Assistant Matron. Qualified, experienced Master (History, English, Latin to 'O' level, Games), responsible post. Write full partics. Box 7390.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH

An APPLIED PSYCHOLOGIST is required by Ministry of Aviation, ROYAL AIRCRAFT ESTABLISHMENT, FARNBOROUGH, Hants, to co-operate with Engineers and Physicists engaged on research into methods of displaying flight information to aircraft pilots. He will be required to design and carry out experiments on advanced simulators and in actual flight.

Quals – First or second class honours degree of a recognised university in which Psychology was taken as a main subject (or equiv. professional qualification in Psychology). Candidates should preferably have had experience of aircraft equipment or of the use of electromechanical simulators, and a knowledge of the subject of communication by visual means would be an advantage. Appointment in grade of Psychologist/Senior Psychologist according to ability and experience.

Salary Scales: Psychologist – £728-£1,222. Senior Psychologist – £1,342-£1,654. Annual increments.

Application forms from Ministry of Aviation, Est. 3.R.1, Room 509, The Adelphi, John Adam Street, London, WC2, quoting HC/2D/690.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX
CHILD CARE OFFICERS

Applications are invited from men or women for appointment as Child Care Officers. Candidates should have Home Office Certificate in Child Care, or a university qualification in Social Science with experience in the child care field. Salary within the scale £665-£975; commencing salary not less than £820 for holder of Child Care Certificate. The persons appointed will be required to work from offices in south, south-east and mid-Essex, and to carry out the full range of duties. Car for officer's sole use provided by the County Council. Applications giving particulars of age, education, qualifications and experience, and names and addresses of two referees, should be addressed to the Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford, by 18 December 1961.

BEDFORDSHIRE
COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
SENIOR CHILD CARE OFFICER

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the post of Senior Child Care Officer in charge of the Luton Area Office. Post involves supervision of three Child Care Officers. Salary Scale £960-£1,140 p.a. Five day week. Removal expenses paid.

Further particulars and application forms from Establishment Officer, Shire Hall, Bedford Closing date 18 Dec.

INTERNATIONAL work-camps. General assistant wanted quickly to help Quaker work camps Secretary with assessing projects, arranging weekend camps and handling equipment. Apply to Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified women for the post of Child Care Officer centred on one of the Area Offices at Trowbridge, Salisbury and Swindon. The post entails undertaking a cross section of child care responsibilities in an area including both rural and urban districts.

Salary within the scale £665-£975 according to qualifications and experience with a minimum salary of £820 per annum for persons holding the appropriate full prof. qualifications.

A County car and/or travelling allowances on the appropriate scale will be paid. Five day working week.

Application form and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

OVERSEAS DEVELOPMENT INSTITUTE

RESEARCH OFFICERS

The Overseas Development Institute requires two research officers to work on problems of world development and aid of all kinds. One should be a professional economist; the other should be of similar standing but have specialist training in another subject (preferably a social science). Candidates must have good academic qualifications and considerable research experience. Salary: Within the range £1,500-£2,500 p.a. Appointment for 3 years in the first instance.

Applications should be sent by 18 December 1961 to the Director, Overseas Development Institute, 160 Piccadilly, London, W1, from whom further information can be obtained.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO. LTD. Educational Book Publishers, have a vacancy for a publishing executive in the Home Educational Department. Candidates should be under the age of thirty: previous publishing experience is desirable but not essential. Conditions of employment include a five-day week and non-contributory pension and life assurance scheme. Salary would be according to experience and the post offers realistic prospects for advancement.

Please write, giving details of age, education, previous experience and present salary to: The Personnel Director, 48 Grosvenor Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL SECRETARIES, GRADE II

UGANDA GOVERNMENT

Required for one tour of 21-27 months in first instance.

Commencing salary according to age and experience in scale £978 a year rising to £1,239 a year. A candidate aged 28 would enter the scale at £1,056 a year. Outfit allowance £30. Gratuity 25% of total salary drawn. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary.

Candidates must be single women, competent shorthand typists (min. speeds 120/50 w.p.m.), with a good general knowledge of filing systems and office routine.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting ref. M3A/53486/NJ.

AMERICA

Mrs James Davis (ACCS),
Principal
THE OVERSEAS STAFF AGENCY,
RICKMANSWORTH AND
SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA

is available at her office here to discuss suitable child care and secretarial vacancies.

ITALY – posts as mother's helps and au pairs.

Please write to 45 Church Street, Rickmansworth, for an appointment.

SOCIAL and Mental Welfare Officer (male), County Borough of Dudley. Special scale – £665 to £975 per annum. This post offers an interesting range of duties working with aged, physically handicapped and mentally disordered persons. Applications invited from suitably qualified candidates with experience of aged and physically handicapped persons or mentally disordered persons or both. Housing accommodation available if required. Applications, together with the names and addresses of two referees, to the Medical Officer of Health and Chief Welfare Officer, Council House, Dudley, Worcs. by Fri. 22 Dec.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The salary for a Lecturer is within the range £A1,730 x 105-£A2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A47 p.a.) and will be subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to the qualifications and experience of the successful applicant. Under the Staff Members' Housing Scheme in cases approved by the University and its Bankers, married men may be assisted by loans to purchase a house. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close in Australia and London on 17 January 1962.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Temporary Lectureship in French. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position. The appointment will be for a period of two years but may be extended for a further period of two years. The Lecturer must be of French birth and education; he must be a licencié-ès-lettres on an élève de l'Ecole Normale Supérieure, or the holder of certificates of equivalent educational standing; his French accent must be free from dialectal peculiarities and he must have a thorough knowledge of French literature and be conversant with the phonetics of the French language. The salary will be according to qualifications within the range £A1,730-£A2,435 per annum, plus cost of living adjustments (at present £A47 p.a.). Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1, or from Monsieur le Directeur Général, Bureau des Relations Culturelles, Quai d'Orsay, Paris. Applics close in Australia and London on 17 January 1962.

GOVERNMENT Social Survey. The Social Survey Division of the Central Office of Information invites applications for the posts of Assistant Computing Officers. The Division is responsible for official sample survey enquiries covering a wide field of social and economic problems with a variety of research methods and maintaining high technical standards. The principal duty is the analysis of survey data, using both punch card equipment and an electronic computer. The qualification required is a mathematical background to at least GCE 'A' level or, alternatively, experience in a similar post involving a knowledge of statistical techniques. Some familiarity with computers would be an advantage, but training in programming will be given to successful applicants, if necessary. The posts which are graded Assistant Information Officer are unestablished, but there are regular opportunities for establishment. Starting salary will be fixed according to exp. and quals and will be on a scale rising to £1,214. Write, giving age, full details of exp. and quals to Manager (PE.3611), Ministry of Labour, Professional and Executive Register, Atlantic House, Farringdon St, London, EC4.

SOCIAL Caseworker. The National Old People's Welfare Council invites applications for two bursaries for training for social casework with particular reference to elderly people and their families. The bursaries are tenable at a one-year Applied Social Studies course at a university. A degree or diploma in Social Studies (including field work) is an essential prerequisite to this course. Each bursary will consist of a maintenance grant according to age and previous experience of between £400 and £550; plus tuition fees, essential travelling expenses, a book allowance and, if necessary, dependants' allowances. Further particulars and forms of application are obtainable from the Secretary, National Old People's Welfare Council, 26 Bedford Square, London, WC1. The latest date for receipt of applications is 15 January 1962.

WARREN Spring Laboratory (DSIR) Human Sciences Section requires officer to carry out research in relation to the design of hand-and-foot-controls of machines and equipment, and associated enquiry and advisory duties. Suitable candidates will include those having relevant experience and professionally qualified with 1st or 2nd Class Hons. degree including psychology as a main subject; a Bachelor of Education degree of a Scottish University or of the University of Belfast; a postgraduate diploma in psychology, following at least two years' systematic study; or Fellowship of the British Psychological Society or equiv. qual.; for whom the grading of Psychologist will be appropriate. Establishment prospects for candidates under 31 years. Salary range £708-£1,222 p.a. Application forms and further information from the Director, Warren Spring Laboratory, Gunnels Wood Lane, Stevenage, Herts, quoting 16 S/P. Closing date 28 December 1961.

EDUCATIONAL representative wanted by leading educational publishers to call on grammar and other secondary schools. Age 25-45. Permanency for suitable candidate. Residence in North of England will be required. Car provided. Apply in own writing stating age, education, experience, range of salary expected to Box 7302.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

MINISTRY of Works: Assistant Inspectors of Ancient Monuments. 2 pensionable posts for men or women at least 23 on 1.9.61. Candidates must have a University Degree (normally with 1st or 2nd class hons) and an enthusiasm for archaeology, preferably combined with first hand knowledge in a particular field. National salary scale £738-£1,222. Starting salary may be above minimum. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5415/61. Closing date 29 December 1961.

TUTOR-Organiser required for Northumberland. Degree essential and appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £900 x 50 x £1,500. Commencing salary may be higher than the minima according to experience and qualifications. Application form (s.a.e.) from Workers' Educational Association, 51 Grainger Street, Newcastle upon Tyne, 1. Closing date 16 Dec. 1961.

DOMESTIC organiser required early in 1962 for thriving residential settlement in South East London to work with a team of social workers. Responsible for the domestic staff and the buying of goods and materials. Some cooking. Salary according to training and experience. Five weeks holiday. Apply Warden, Bede House, Bermondsey, SE16.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the post of Research Psychiatric Social Worker in the Medical Research Council's Clinical Psychiatry Research Unit at Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester. A recognised PSW qualification is required, and a University degree would be an advantage. Salary and conditions of service are in accordance with the Whitley Council Scale, and a car allowance is paid. Applications to the Director, Clinical Psychiatry Research Unit, Graylingwell Hospital, Chichester, Sussex.

SCHOOL of Languages requires a part-time teacher (male) to be responsible for organising Students' Club, mainly evenings and weekends. Write stating age, experience and qualifications to: The Principal, St Giles School, 63 Oxford St, London, W1.

CALDECOTT Community. Wanted in January experienced young resident Secretary (woman). Salary £400 (with residence). Seven weeks holiday annually. Good experience for someone interested in child welfare and in the communal life of a children's Community. Apply Miss Rendel, Caldecott, Mersham, Ashford, Kent.

INTERNATIONAL Jewish Migration Agency. Country Director required to serve in a French-speaking country starting not later than 1 January 1962, but should be ready earlier to gain experience at European Headquarters, Paris, France. Qualifications: University degree or equivalent, ability to deal with persons and affairs, willingness to exercise responsibility under general instructions. Speaking ability in French is essential, knowledge of other languages an advantage. Salary according to qualifications. Applications to Box 7447.

NATIONAL Association of Youth Clubs offers appointments at their Holiday and Training Centre, Kilvrough Manor, The Gower, near Swansea for: (1) Senior Residential Officer and (2) Assistant Residential Officer. These appointments are not available to husband and wife but married applicants are acceptable. Appointments to become effective not later than 1 August 1962, possibly earlier. Full residential salary. Apply for particulars to: NAYC, 30 Devonshire Street, London, W1.

'DUNCROFT', Moor Lane, Staines, Middx. (Approved School for 26 Senior Girls). Required January 1962 or as soon as possible thereafter Teacher – full or part time at the above School which accepts girls of good intelligence in need of psychiatric treatment. Applicants must be qualified to teach to RSA or GCE level in English, Art, Arithmetic and General Subjects. Salary Burnham Scale plus four increments. Post may be resident and board lodging provided at £135 p.a. Attractive surroundings, pleasant atmosphere and post of interest for social study. Forms of application from the Correspondent, NAMH, 39 Queen Anne St, London, W1.

URGENT. English teacher wanted for school and university in Spain. Degree essential. Ring JUNiper 0134.

SECRETARY (shorthand and typing) wanted quickly for Quaker international work. Good salary for competent person. Apply Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, London, NW1.

FABIAN Society wants enthusiastic responsible shorthand-typist. 4 weeks holiday, friendly colleagues in small office, £9 a week to start. Apply General Secretary, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St, SW1

PART-time (pref. afternoon) S/T secretary required for intelligent co-operation in educational research project now until March 1962. Salary negotiable. Brief particulars in first instance. Box 7352.

SOCIALIST Medical Association has vac. part-time gen. office wk. Good typing speed ess. No shtnd. 5s. hr. 'Phone WEStern 7770. Write: 13 Prince of Wales Ter., W8.

TYPIST wanted to type MSS. Advertising/Sociological exp. useful. Box 7384.

ALL good class domestic and catering staff supplied and wanted. Call Ainslies, 1 Dover Street, W1. HYD. 5995.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SECRETARY, 25/45, for Switzerland. Initiative & knowl. German. 2-yr contract, fare paid. Sal. £700/£800. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

ONLY 12 more Job-hunting days till Christmas, so call now at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

A GENUINE selection of attractive office posts. Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes St, Hanover Sq., W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENERAL help. Indian m. 26. Also exp. Accts, B.Com. seeks post. Box 7457.

HONS grad. (f., 22 yrs), with Dip. Soc. seeks job where intell. and kind personality reqd. Car-driver. Box 7350.

MAN who wishes to leave London seeks job in small town or country. Present director small firm, sales and executive ability. Used to dealing with and likes people. Work in or out of doors welcomed. Keen on horticulture. Owner driver. Fit. Initiative. Enthusiasm. Box 7366.

SOCIALIST, 21, 'A' level languages, at present EO Civil Service, sks active, remunerative post London. Box 7278.

YOUNG lady sks work in day school or college, with school holidays. Expd secretary, BA Cantab. French/Ital. Box 7336.

FELLOWSHIP

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the USA, may be up to £2,000 (subject to income tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer, (WA.14/5/3316/12) County Hall, SE1, (s.a. f'envelope necessary) for return by 12 March 1962.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

CHRISTMAS PLANS

There is still time to enjoy a good Christmas with one of our Parties.

CHRISTMAS/NEW YEAR SKIING
CHRISTMAS IN THE SUN (Florence, Tangier, Cannes)
CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR PARTIES IN ENGLAND

Write for our Winter Holiday Literature

ERNA LOW

47 (ns) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7.
Tel.: KEN. 8881 (day & night) & 0911.

GREECE at Easter. 17 day holiday for 81 gns. Dep. Good Friday. Ret. 6 May. Price includes couchettes, cabins, tours of Corfu, Athens, Sounion, Delphi, Olympia and Epidaurus. Tom Forman, 135 Pollards Hill South, London, SW16. POL. 2230.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet: 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101.

INDIA, Ceylon, Malaya, Australia. Passage av. to Bombay £53 10s., Colombo £56 10s., Singapore £81 10s., Sydney, via Panama, £150. Indian Natl Travels Ltd, 25 Bloomsbury Way, WC1. HOL. 1193.

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PERSONAL—continued

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PERSONAL—continued

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LECTURES etc.—continued from p.908

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 10 Dec. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Rev. W. J. Piggott: 'The Pilgrim's Way'.

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ABBOTSHOLME School, Derbyshire. Scholarship and entrance tests will be on 3 & 4 April 1962. Three scholarships up to £150. Two exhibitions up to £90. Art and Music awards available. 11 and 13 year old entry. Applics before 28 Feb. Further details from the Headmaster, Abbotsholme School, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two Open Scholarships of £150 each per annum will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February 1962 for girls aged between 12 and 13 the following September. A Music Scholarship of £150 per annum will be offered at the same time for girls aged between 11 and 14 the following September. Full partics from Headmistress.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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POETS! Unpublished? 'Breakthru', Ken Geering, S/Densbarn, Lindfield, Sx.

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IN-STAGE: 'The Removal' by Charles Marowitz, Sun., 10 Dec., 7.30 p.m. No. 9 Fitzroy Sq., W1. '. . . rivetingly well acted', Sunday Telegraph. Admission free.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). Com. Tues. 7, subs. 4 & 7. 'Treasure Island'.

MOUNTVIEW, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885). World Prem. 'Come Closer And Look' by Jocelyn Scott. 11-16 Dec., 7.45 p.m. Members only. Membership 7s. 6d. per year.

ROYAL Court, SLO. 1745, 7.30; St. 5, 8.15, Th. 2.30. 'The Keep' by Gwyn Thomas. 'Gloriously funny', The Guardian.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). Ionesco's 'The Killer', London première 8 & 9 Dec. at 7.30. Next: new musical version of 'Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure' opens 29 Dec.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. 'And Him Stretched' by Patrick Galvin. F, S, Sn. 7.45. Mems.

VANBRUGH Theatre, Malet Street, WC1. 'Ah Wilderness' by Eugene O'Neill, 11 Dec. at 7.30; 12, 13 Dec. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'Ivanov' by Anton Chekhov, 15 Dec at 2.30 and 7.30. 'The Provoked Wife' by Sir John Vanbrugh, 16 Dec. at 2.30 and 7.30. 'Frost at Midnight' by André Obey, 18 Dec. at 7.30. Adm. free.

CONCERTS

ARRIAGA String Quartet. (Howard, Turton, Bucknall, Strub). Wigmore Hall, Fri. 15 Dec. at 7.30. Debussy, Berg & Arriaga. Tickets 10s., 7s. and 4s.

GROSVENOR Chapel, South Audley St, W1. Thurs. 14 Dec., at 6.30 p.m. Christmas Music by Weelkes, Palestrina, Byrd, Pérotin, Boyce, Sweelinck, Berkeley, Britten (A 1st concert performance), Holst, Peter Pears, The Purcell Singers, conductor: Imogen Holst. Tickets 6s. from Basil Douglas Ltd, 8 St George's Ter., NW1. PRI. 7142

ENTERTAINMENTS

Constance Cummings, Sybil Thorndyke, Joan Heal, Harry Locke, Will Stampe, Tony Kinsey,
are among those appearing in
'EVERYBODY SIT',
St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday 17 Dec. at 7.30.
Apply to join CND Stage Club, 5 Caledonian Road, N1, enclosing 2s., and you can buy up to four tickets. Only 40s. and 20s. tickets left.

ACADEMY (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns). Margot Fonteyn in 'The Royal Ballet' (U) in colour.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until 10 Dec.: The Maxim Gorki Trilogy – 'My Universities' (A). From 11 Dec.: Kirk Douglas, Adolphe Menjou in Kubrick's 'Paths of Glory' (A).

WHERE else in London will you see Guards rubbing shoulders with unemployed actors, debutantes with unfrocked priests? Practically everywhere, but that's no reason to shun The Establishment. Drink cheap, eat cheap, dance and laugh, damn you, laugh at two satirical shows nightly at The Establishment, 18 Greek St. GER. 8111.

GLASGOW. 'The World of Tennessee Williams' presented by Theatre Group, at Palace of Art, 14, 15 & 16 Dec. at 7.30.

DANCE Recital. Ernest Berk, Harold Lester piano. 12 December, 7.30, Palace Theatre, Watford.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Members' Party. Dancing to the Brian Fredericks Band, Tues. 12 December, 8.30-11 p.m. Members free, guests 5s. Wed. 13 December, Sculpture and Picture Fair Draw, 8.30 p.m. Sherry Party for ticket holders and contributors.

EXHIBITIONS

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP
TOWARDS LIVING COLOUR AND FORM

29 November-13 December 1961

Exhibition at the Ceylon Tea Centre, Lower Regent Street, London, SW1. Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays & Fridays 12-8 p.m. Wednesdays 12-6 p.m. Saturdays & Sundays 12-5 p.m. Admission 1s. 6d.

GANYMED – The Leda Suite, Sidney Nolan's eight limited edition Lithographs at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

EPSTEIN: Memorial Exhibition. Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 17 Dec. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8, Sun. 2-6. Admission 3s. 6d

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq. The Henry Lamb Memorial Exhibition and etchings and lithos by 19th and 20th Century Masters. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Sculpture and Picture Fair includes Arp, Piper, Chadwick . . . Admission free. Tickets 15 gns (each ticket wins an exhibit). Until 13 December. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

NEW London Gallery, 17/18 Old Bond St. (GRO. 6755). Lynn Chadwick – First major London Exhibition for 10 years. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12. Admission free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Derek Hill: A retrospective exhibition of paintings and drawings 1938-1961. 23 November to 31 December. Weekdays 11-6; Sundays 2-6; closed Mondays and 23 to 26 December inclusive. Admission free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

LARIONOV and Goncharova. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 16 Dec., Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Admission 2s. 6d.

GROSVENOR Gallery, 15 Davies Street, W1. Anatoli Kaplan: lithographs, The World of Sholem Aleichem & scenes, tales, songs of Russian Provincial life. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 9.30-1.

AGNEW Gallery, 43 Old Bond St, W1. Loan Exhibition of Victorian Painting, 1837-1887. 9.30-5.30. Saturdays 9.30-1 p.m.

ZWEMMERS, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Nolan (The Leda Suite), also Picasso, Bores, Deaudin, Bott, Boyd, Bratby, Erni, Epstein, Piper, Sutherland, Tunnard etc.

UPPER Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor Street, W1. HYDe Park 3091. 'Music in Painting' A Christmas Exhibition featuring Paintings with a musical theme. Keyboard and Early Stringed Instruments. 4 December 1961-15 January 1962.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Recent Paintings: Leon Zack. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1. (HYD. 6195). 'French Landscapes'. Bonnard, Cézanne, Monet, Pissarro, Renoir, Van Gogh, etc. In aid of British ORT. Adm. 2s. 6d., students 1s. Daily 10-5, Sats 10-12.

PICCADILLY Gallery. 16a Cork St, W1. John Hultberg, until 16 December.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

TANGANYIKA Independence Exhibition. Commonwealth Institute. Until 31 Dec. Adm. free. Wkdys 10-4.30, Suns 2.30-6.

AMERICAN Folk Art, 20 Nov. through Dec. USIS Gallery, American Embassy, Grosvenor Sq., W1. Mon.-Fri. 9-6, Sat. 1-5.

ROLAND Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St, W1. Christmas Present Exhibition. Charming small pictures by English and French artists. Weekdays 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

RAWINSKY Gallery, 10 Newburgh St, W1. Christmas Show of Original Works by Twenty Artists, between £6 and £60. Open till 8 Thursdays.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Rd, N6. Paintings by Henry Sanders. Daily 10-5.30, Thurs. 10-1, Sat. 10-7.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, London, W1. MAYfair 4419. Paintings by Raja Klein, Gerald Moore & Diana Webbe. 4 Dec.-23 Dec. Dly 10-6, Sats 10-1.

SEVEN Arts Gallery, 49 South Molton Street – first floor – Lithographs, engravings, water-colours, drawings by Lissitsky, Chagall, Favorsky, Picasso, Braque and Morandi. Open Monday to Friday 10-6. Saturday 9.30-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32A St George St, W1. Rezvani – Paintings, Reliefs. Until 13 January. Rikko – Gouaches. From 12 December. Daily 10-5.30, Saturdays 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

MOLTON Gallery. Black & White – a selection of drawings. Walter Nessler – Metal Reliefs – Charles Salisbury – paintings. 12 Dec.-20 Jan. 44 South Molton St, W1. Daily 10-6. Sats 10-1.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Structures by Gilbert, paintings by Nemours. Until 22 December.

'NUDES of Jean Straker' – Photography 12-9. 5s. Visual Arts, 12 Soho Sq., W1.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NLR CLUB

CHRISTMAS PARTY in newly opened PARTISAN, 7 Carlisle Street, W1, Monday 11 December, 8 p.m. Buffet, Steel Band. Admission 2s. 6d. Members and guests.

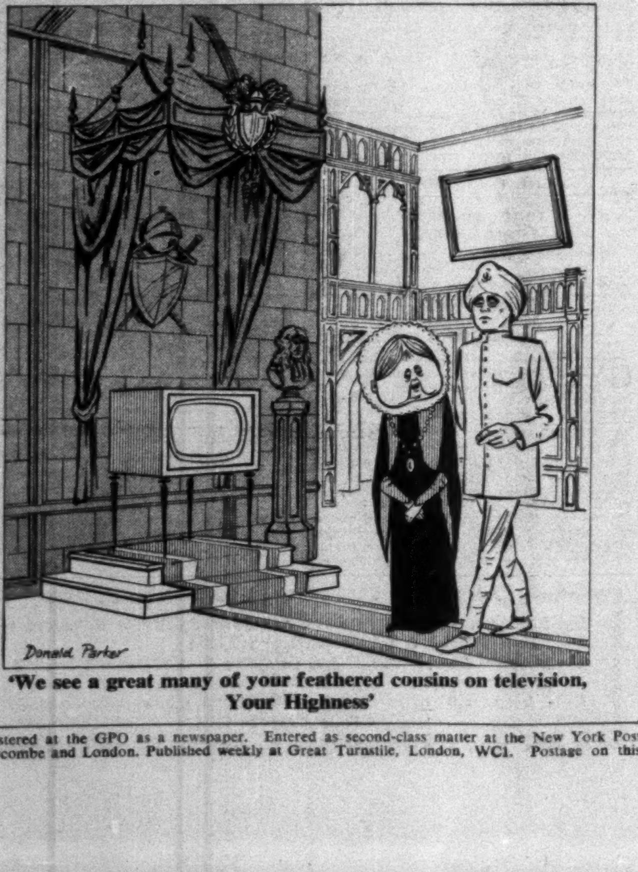
RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1 at 7.15 p.m,

WHAT IS COLOUR?

by Michael Wilson, on Wednesday, 13 December 1961.

Admission 2s. Students 1s.



'We see a great many of your feathered cousins on television, Your Highness'

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

RUDOLF STEINER CENTENARY – MERCURY ARTS GROUP

Rudolf Steiner House, 35 Park Road, London, NW1 at 7.15 p.m.

EURYTHMY – COLOUR AND FORM IN MOVEMENT

by the London School of Eurythmy, Saturday 9 December 1961. Tickets 5s. and 7s. 6d.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. L. J. Sharpe on Greater London Government. 7.30 p.m. Wed. 13 Dec., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Soc.: Sec., 23 Shelley Cres., Southall, Middx

IMPERIAL College of Science and Technology. Special lecture to commemorate the centenary of the death of HRH The Prince Consort, 'The Prince Consort and the Founding of the Imperial College', by Sir Patrick Linstead, CBE, FRS, Rector, on Thursday, 14 December, at 5.30 p.m. in the Physics Building, Prince Consort Road, SW7. Admission free.

INSTITUTO de España, 102 Eaton Square, SW1. Lecture by Excmo Sr Dn Ramón Martín-Herrero on 'Veinte años de vida española' on 14 December at 6 p.m.

LISTENING Meetings. Lecture/Demonstration by Dr Rachel Pinney. Friends House, Euston Rd, Tues. 12 Dec., 7.30. John Keys will speak on The Socialist Party of Great Britain. Audience: Any who don't agree. Romford, The Lorry Hall, Market Place, 7.30, Thur. 21 Dec.

'THE Future of Industrial Injury Claims – Law Reform or Insurance?' Debate: Dennis Gordon and John L. Williams, Chairman F. W. Beney QC, Thurs. 14 Dec., 6 p.m. New Theatre, London School of Economics. Adm. free without ticket. Arranged by Industrial Law Society, c/o Justice, 1 Mitre Court Buildings, EC4.

GANDHI, his life, aims and achievements. A talk to be given by Mr P. G. Pendsay, Staff Correspondent Agence-Presse and formerly of Reuters. The New Jewish Society, 83 Chiltern St, W1. Wed. 13 Dec. at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests: 3s. 6d.

MORALITY – Relative & Absolute: Reg. Sorensen MP Sun. 10 Dec., 11 a.m. Chamber Music Concert 6.30 p.m. The Development of Xmas Music: Frederick Jackson, FRAM. Tues. 12 Dec., 7.30 p.m. SPES, Conway Hall, WC1.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7696. Fri. 8 Dec., 8 p.m. Prof. A. I. Efimov (Moscow Univ.): 'Pushkin's role in development of culture of Russian speech' (in Russian with transn). Thurs. 14 Dec., 8 p.m. Sir Isaiah Berlin: 'Belinsky and his reputation' (150th Anniversary of his birth). Seats may be reserved. Fri. 15 Dec. No meeting. Re-opening 19 Jan. At 46 Ladbroke Grove, W11. Dr A. Z. Steinberg's talk for 12 Dec. is postponed.

FRI. 8 Dec., Parents' Group: Progressive League. Mrs Rose Hacker, 8 p.m. 34 Netherhall Gardens, NW3.

RAIA Lowe is giving an evening of verse & drama reading in English, Russian, French & German at the Partisan Café, Fri. 8 Dec., 7.30 p.m. & at Leighton House, 14 Dec., 7.30 p.m. Tkts 5s. obtainable at door.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture. Wed. 13 Dec., 6.30 p.m. 'Buddhist Practice': Mr Frank Jackson. Sat. 9 Dec., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Sat. 16 Dec. at 3 p.m. Christmas Party for Members and Invited Guests. Tickets 3s. 6d. The Society's premises will be closed from 17-31 incl. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

LAWYERS Group Communist Party. John Gollan speaks on 'Communists in the Free World'. Tues. 12 Dec., 7 p.m. Mitre Tavern, 125 Chancery Lane, WC2. Refreshments from 6.30.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8. Sun. 10 Dec., 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. 'The Whole Problem of Sex': A. A. Burall.

MAHARISHI Mahesh Yogi's simple system of deep meditation. A key to peace and happiness within. Apply for details: Spiritual Regeneration Movement, Suite 4, 22 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2797

SOCIALIST Party of Gt Britain. Public Meeting – 'Kremlin Fall-out'; Denison House, 269 Vauxhall Bridge Rd, SW1. (Nr Victoria Stn); Sun. 10 Dec. 7.30 p.m. Admission free – questions and discussion.

'MAN'S Collective Responsibility'. Public lecture, 10 Dec., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

IIWC. Musical Quartet from Royal College of Music, 8.30 tonight 8 Dec. 62 Queen's Gdns, W2. Admn free. PAD. 0688.

R. VEDANTA Centre, 68 Dukes Ave, Muswell Hill, N10: Swami Ghanananda, Suns. 5 p.m. Instructions for Spiritual Life. Tues. 12 Dec., 7.30, Conway Hall (Holborn); Swami Ghanananda: 'Christ and Vedanta'.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURES etc.—continued on p.907

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